...NESS DIRECTORY.

Articles of Manufacture.

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 50 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking of any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

TO PAINTERS AND GILDERS.—Gold and silver leaf, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Wall st., New York.

N. B. Gold, silver and copper bronzes of different colors and qualities, at a low price, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Wall st. New York. jl2

E. W. WALGROVE,
Merchant Tailor, No. 6, Wall street,

INFORMS the public and his fellow-citizens generally that he has constantly on hand a choice selection of blue, black, and coloured Cloths, Kerseymeres and Vestings, which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable and best style of workmanship, or to suit the taste of those who may extend to him their patronage.

Gentlemen travelling in the city can rely on having their orders despatched agreeably to their wishes.

nov 1 tf

A CARD.

JAMES M'CARTHY MURPHY, Merchant Tailor, 233 Broadway, most respectfully returns thanks to the gentlemen of New York, and to the public in general for the very liberal patronage which they have bestowed upon him since his arrival amongst them, and begs to announce that he has removed from his late residence, 66 Chamber street to 233 Broadway, (next door to the American Hotel,) where he has fitted up at great expense, an establishment upon a most splendid scale, and is determined that nothing shall be wanting on his part to merit a continuance of past favors. His stock of cloths is selected with the greatest care from the best manufactories in the West of England. A choice variety of Cassimeres, Toilonets, Valentias, and fancy silks of the newest patterns always on hand. The subscriber pledges himself that for fashionable style of fitting and good workmanship he is not to be surpassed either in Europe or America.

JAS. M'CARTHY MURPHY,
March 9 Merchant Tailor.

OLD GALEN'S HEAD DISPENSARY, No. 14 Peck Slip, corner of Water street.—DR. EVANS continues his improved practice as usual, at his well established Dispensary, No. 14 Peck slip. The public are respectfully apprised, that Dr. Evans being regularly educated in the city of London, has been a member of said faculty 37 years—has had 12 years hospital practice and is well known as a practitioner in this city for the last 16 years. The great success attending Dr. E's practice in all delicate diseases viz. Syphilis, gonorrhœa, gleets, strictures, &c. induces ignorant pretenders to copy after him. Many valuable members of society are daily falling sacrifices to the artful baits held out by those unprincipled experimentalists. Strangers are particularly cautioned not to be deceived by ingenious puffing advertisements of any description, but call and judge for themselves.

Also, to be had at the above Dispensary, Minerva's Box, containing a complete plan of medicine for the cure of a certain disease, with a small book of directions, in which the symptoms and treatment of the diseases are pointed out with such brevity and accuracy that every person may in this case become his own physician.

Also, a preventive for the above, if used in due time.

N. B. The offices and entrances are well arranged, and secrecy may be depended on. mch 23

HARP.

H. J. TRUST (pupil of N. C. BOCHSA,) tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his patrons for their support last season, and begs to inform them and the public, that he has now re-commenced giving Lessons on this popular instrument. As a guarantee of his competency as a Teacher, he takes the liberty to direct the attention of families to the names of the following distinguished individuals, to whom he has the honor and permission to refer:—John M'Tavish, Esq. of Baltimore; John Ixlafield, Esq. of N. York; Henry Carey, Esq. of do.; James Buchanan, Esq. of do.; D. Lynch, Esq. of do.; N. Prime, Esq. of do.; G. Barclay, Esq. of do. H. J. T. also gives instructions on the Guitar and Piano Forte. Soirees and select parties attended with the Harp, Piano, &c. &c. by the Messrs. TRUSTS. Terms, &c. apply at Broadway, 3 doors above Canal.

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AT BELLEVILLE, New Jersey.—The system of instruction pursued at this Seminary, embraces a thorough course of English and Classical reading, with the different branches of the sciences, requisite to the attainment of a liberal and finished education.

While the most rigid attention will be devoted to the inculcation of correct habits, both mental and personal, it will also be the earnest aim of the Principals, both by precept and example, to instil into their pupils the knowledge and practice of their duties, moral, social, and religious.

It is believed that few places are better adapted for a respectable boarding school, than the village of Belleville. Situated on the banks of the Passaic, about 9 miles from the city of New York, containing a number of families of the first respectability, and possessing three places of worship: of the Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, and Methodist denominations, it combines the several advantages of public worship, social intercourse of a high character, and a situation uncommonly picturesque and salubrious.

JOHN P. LATHROP, } Principals.
MARIA M. LATHROP, }

REFERENCES.

In New York—Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D.; Rev. Jona. M. Wainwright, D. D.; Rev. Henry Anthon, D. D.; Nathaniel F. Moore, L. L. D. Professor of Languages in Columbia College; Philip Hone, Esq.; Stephen Cambreleng, Esq.

In Belleville—Rev. Gustavus Abeel; Anthony Rutgers, Esq.; James L. Morris, Esq.; S. L. Ward, M. D.; Lt. George C. Whistler, U. S. Engineers.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition in the English branches, $45, per quarter; Latin and Greek Languages, each $5, do.; Drawing, Painting, and the different kinds of fancy Needlework, each $5, do.; Use of Pianoforte, $5, do.; French Language, Music, and Dancing, at the prices charged by the teachers of those branches, respectively. Each scholar will provide her own bed and bedding.

DAY SCHOLARS.—English branches, full course, $10. Languages, and ornamental branches, same as above. Fuel for the season, $2. 12 weeks constitute a quarter, and no deduction will be made, except for protracted sickness.

There will be a vacation of 4 weeks in the month of August; and should any pupil remain at the Institute during that time, an additional charge of $2 50 per week, will be made.

No pupil will be permitted to leave, without at least 6 weeks notice. Payment, in all cases, must be made in advance. Feb 16

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANNISEED

FOR COUGHS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, ASTHMAS, &c.

UNDER the immediate patronage of several of the most distinguished Nobility and Gentry in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland, in bottles at 30 and 60 cents each.

This invaluable Medicine has the extraordinary property of immediately relieving coughs, colds, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, and huskiness in the throat. It operates by dissolving the congealed Phlegm, consequently causing a free expectoration. Those who are troubled with a tickling in the throat which deprives them of rest night after night, by the incessant cough which it provokes, will, by taking one dose, find immediate relief, and one bottle in most cases will effect a cure. Numerous cases have come to the Proprietor's knowledge, where young people have been troubled with Coughs, spitting of Blood, and gradual wasting away, with every appearance of going into a decline, who by taking two or three bottles, have been entirely cured. In Asthmas, chronic coughs, difficulty of breathing, &c., its powers can describe the wonders it has been performed by this invaluable medicine. Many who for years have been unable to lie down in their beds without a danger of being choked by an accumulation of phlegm, which they could not expectorate, ... [illegible] ... all in a few minutes, positive, have, by taking ONE DOSE of this excellent BALSAM, been enabled to lie down comfortably in their beds. But the testimonials of those who have experienced its wonderful effects will be more to recommend it than ... the public ... the proprietor ... and by particular request he has published the following:—

Extract of a letter forwarded by James Fair, Esq. of Liverpool, ... to Mr. Renwick, of ... which was forwarded to Mr. Powell.

"Dear Sir, Liverpool, 18th of January, 18..

"You know that I was sceptical with respect to the ... [illegible] ...

"You are at liberty to make what use you may think proper of this letter, for as ... [illegible]

... [illegible]

THOMAS POWELL, Black Friars road, London. And sold only in New York at his Store, ... A large supply has just been received from London, ... and are to be supplied, on a remittance being forwarded per post. jan 12

Miscellaneous.

COUGHS AND COLDS.—It is now about one year since the NEW ENGLAND COUGH SYRUP was first offered to the public, during which time several thousand bottles have been disposed of throughout the United States and the British Provinces, and in all cases where the directions have been strictly followed by those who used it, the most salutary effects have been produced and it has uniformly proved itself to be a specific for Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and all affections of the lungs.

The proprietors are at liberty to refer to many individuals of the first respectability, who have been cured of obstinate coughs by its use, and the following letters received by them are noted, for the perusal of those who may be troubled with similar complaints.

Gentlemen—After having tried by the recommendation of my friends, almost every medicine for a cough, without the least relief, I had recourse to your New England Cough Syrup, and am enabled to say, with much thankfulness, that it has cured me of one of the most obstinate coughs I ever knew, and shall feel it to be a duty to recommend it to every one whom I find in need of so valuable a medicine.

Signed.—Yours respectfully,
JOHN P. STEVENS.

The very great benefit that I have derived from the use of your Syrup has astonished me beyond measure. From the length of time that I had suffered from a most inveterate cough, I supposed I should never be rid of it while I lived. But by taking the bottle of Syrup which I procured from you, I have been perfectly cured, and now enjoy good health. Signed

STILLMAN ROBINSON.

Several Physicians have used the N. E. Cough Syrup in their practice. An order was received sometime since from a distinguished medical gentleman at the south. In a subsequent letter he remarks, "Your Cough Syrup is invaluable. It cured me entirely of an inveterate cough upon taking the 5th dose. Of the dozen which I received from you, I gave away all but two bottles; one of the two I used in my own case, in part of it the other I have by me. In almost every case of those given away, the patients called and spoke of the astonishing effect of the remedy." The following note from a young gentleman of this city, was received a few days since.

It gives me great pleasure to be able add my testimony in favor of your New England Cough Syrup, two bottles of which having entirely cured my cough which was so severe that my physician advised me to spend the coming winter in a southern climate, but the fortunate use of your Syrup will preclude the necessity. Boston, Sept. 1832.

Particular directions for use accompany each bottle.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Prepared only by MOFFAT, PLUMMER & CO. Druggists, 188 State street, opposite Broad street, Boston. Sold wholesale by them and by DANIEL GODDARD & CO. 127 Maiden lane, New York, retailed by the Apothecaries generally throughout the United States and British Provinces.

Also, in this city by Place & Souillard, No. 2 Park Row; by Geo. D. Coggeshall, corner of Pearl and Rose streets; by Jno. B. Dodd, 123 and 643 Broadway; by David Perkins, corner of Maiden lane and Nassau street; by Rushton & Aspinwall, 81 William street and 110 Broadway; by N. B. Graham, corner of Cedar and William streets; by Marshall C. Slocum, corner of Broadway and Duane street; by Whiting & Merrill, corner of Catharine and Madison streets. a20 1y

K. DE GOURGUE'S PATENT SPECIFIC.

THis medicine has been used with great success as thousands can testify. In all rheumatic affections whether acute or chronic, its decided superiority by affording almost immediate relief has been successfully tested. For the following complaints it will be found very efficacious, viz.: Quinced sore throat, Hives in children, Pain in the back and Sciatica, Bruises and Sprains, Chapped hands, violent contusions, Fresh wounds, Burns and Scalds, Head and Tooth ache, Debility of the system. Prevents the eye from turning black if immediately applied, is excellent for washing the teeth and gums, &c. &c. The specific has been administered with surprising success, in cases of flatulency, pain in the stomach, bowels, dysentery, &c.

The most inveterate Piles has been thoroughly cured by it. A Fistula, which in most cases proves fatal, yielded to the specific. The above medicine is held in such high estimation by many families that they are unwilling to be without it a moment.

Prepared and sold until further notice, ONLY at the south east corner of the Bowery and 8th street, 2d corner above Vauxhall Garden.

The extensive demand manifested for the genuine De Gourgue's Specific, has induced several to endeavor to deceive the public by persuading them to purchase a counterfeit medicine. No person except the proprietor in the city of New York is authorised to vend De Gourgue's Specific, and it can be obtained at no other place than the above, where it is prepared, and which may be known by the sign over the door. Each bottle is accompanied with printed directions, sealed with the initials D. G. on the cork, NONE OTHER IS GENUINE. Retail price 50 cents per bottle; wholesale $4 50 per dozen.

Directions.—Shake the bottle and apply the Specific with friction to the affected parts. In fevers rub well the small of the back. For Hives in children apply it freely to the chest. For Convulsions by rubbing the back and stomach, its effects are almost instantaneous. For the Headache apply it to the back of the neck and soles of the feet. For chilblains or frosted feet, rub them twice a day, or oftener. From 20 drops to a tea-spoon full may be taken inwardly, mixed with water.

A selection of certificates from numerous respectable individuals is annexed, to give the public some idea of the value of the above medicine.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," and the most beneficial result has been the consequence. For the last twenty years I have been afflicted with the rheumatism, and suffered to that degree, that I never went without a cane or a strengthening plaster. By bathing with the Specific the pain is removed. I can walk without a cane, and have no occasion for a strengthening plaster; the great relief I have obtained, I attribute under providence to the Specific. It gives me great satisfaction, therefore, to recommend it to my fellow citizens.

Signed THOMAS CRUMDWELL, 369 Bowery
New York, 2d February, 1832.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," to my entire satisfaction, and I do not hesitate to give my unqualified approbation in favor of the same. By the use of less than one oz., in three weeks time, my hand, which was badly torn to pieces with the loss of one finger, by the accidental discharge of a gun, was completely healed. I have also known others to meet with like success.

Signed EDWARD CONLEY, Blackwell's Island.
New York, July 3, 1830.

I have been in the habit of using "De Gourgue's Specific" for seven years, and do not hesitate to give it the highest recommendation, having used it most plentifully and always found the greatest benefit from it.

Signed JOSEPH GANOUNG, 59 Carmine street.
New York, 12th Dec. 1831.

I certify, that having made use of "De Gourgue's Patent Specific" for myself and family, occasionally for more than two years,—I do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends for the cure of every complaint named to that they are named in the directions accompanying each phial.

WM. D. DISBROW,
New York, Aug 2, 1830. Bowery, near Fifth st.

I have great satisfaction in recommending "De Gourgue's Patent Specific," considering it a very valuable medicine, having been in the habit of using it for the last three years. In a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which deprived me of the use of my limbs, so much so that I could not put my foot to the floor or raise my arms,—I was induced to try the Specific, and was so much relieved that the next day I was enabled to walk, and speedily recovered, from the use of one bottle. I have also used it with the greatest efficacy for burns, bruises, wounds, &c.

ELIZA BROOKS,
Jan. 22, 1832. Corner 1st Avenue and 10th st.

I was badly afflicted with a violent and continual pain in my breast, for about nine years; the last two or three years it was extremely bad. I had consulted the several different physicians, and tried various remedies. Every thing, however, failed to give me relief. I fortunately tried "De Gourgue's Specific," which, I am happy to state, perfectly cured me in a short time. I keep the medicine constantly in my family, and use it for various purposes, and recommend it highly to all families.

ABRAHAM PARCELLS,
Keeper on Blackwell's Island.
New York 17th August, 1832. dec 23 6m

THE NEW-YORK TRAVELLER,
AND
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,
At No. 1 Law Buildings, near Wall st.
BY FISHER & INMAN.

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The Traveller, Family Journal,

BY FISHER & INMAN.
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31, 1833.

VOL. II.....WHOLE No 144.
"THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

Sporting Intelligence

CANVASS BACK DUCKS.

Toling on the Rivers of the Chesapeake.—Toling begins when the ducks first approach the shores, in the early part of the season, and is practised in this manner:—An active dog that is trained to run after stones is started from behind a band, by throwing for him on the shore, near the edge of the water, whilst the gunner lays concealed. The dog should be kept constantly in rapid motion, and all the time in sight of the ducks—bounding over the rocks and flourishing his bushy tail; but he must not bark, for that would frighten them. As soon as the ducks see the dog playing on the shore, they stretch out their necks in amazement; and, by a sort of unconscious movement towards him with a vacant stare, as if they were spell-bound." This sport is very liable to interruption: if they see a boat or a man, or another dog, or any living thing besides the toler, they will swim or fly away.—They must see but the one attracting object: as soon as their attention is divided the charm is broken, and they become sensible of their danger. If two dogs be started to tole together, the ducks will fly. They will frequently come to a colored handkerchief, or flag, waved on the end of a pole; but the dog must not be in sight when the flag is shown, or he will destroy the effect of it. The young ducks that never saw a dog before are more easily toled, and the old ones in the same flock follow them. Sometimes a dozen or less leave a large flock and swim in; but frequently the whole flock, consisting of many hundreds. Indeed all that are near enough to have a fair view of the dog, come driving ahead in a tumultuous manner; those on the outside flying and fighting before those nearest, and striving to get ashore first. The flock is kept in an uproar by the successive flight of those alternately thrown in the rear, until all get near enough to take a fair view of the fatal show. This, however, is not the usual manner of toling. I have several times seen them come in this style, but they generally swim in without flying. It is a critical juncture when the ducks are coming: the gunner is uneasy, lest his dog should prove intractable and spoil the shot. The toler [dog] pays no attention to the ducks when he is first started, because they are then 4 or 500 yards off; but as soon as they approach nearer he begins to care less and less about the stones that are thrown for him, occasionally whining and casting longing looks at the ducks. It now requires all the art and authority of the master (who must not speak loud, nor show himself, but direct his dog by waving his hand) to keep him in the line of his duty, which cannot always be done; for instinct often overcomes the best training. It frequently happens that the dog refuses to run, after the ducks come within sixty or eighty yards of him; but stops to look at them. There he stands; or, if spoken to sharply, sits down on his tail—lifting his fore feet and whining with anxiety, as he looks first at the ducks and then at the gunner, expecting him to fire. The impatience of the dog often compels the gunners to fire before the ducks are near enough, and kill two or three, when they might have slaughtered them by dozens, if the dog had continued playing. The dogs that are trained to tole should never be suffered to bring the dead ducks out of the water; they will seldom play long enough after they have mouthed the ducks and licked their blood. As the dog can never be taught to know the ducks are attracted by his playing, he cannot always be made to continue it after the ducks come near enough to engage his attention. There are generally two or more gunners in the same blind, and when no accident happens, and the dog runs as he ought to do, the ducks are brought within a few yards of the shore, and the dog is maneuvred so as to huddle them together. No one moves until he that plays the dog throws his last stone, and tells the others to get ready; he gives ample time to take aim, and pronounces the word fire. Then every gun pours a shower of shot on that part of the flock opposite to it. A scene of confusion ensues: the routed ducks rise up, beating the water with their wings, dying the waves with their blood; whilst the cripples are flapping and diving about in every direction. Before the shooters have time to get upon their feet, the water dogs having rushed out of the blind, some of them are bringing the dead ducks ashore, and others plunging about in pursuit of the wounded. Great numbers are killed by this stratagem. I have seen as many as forty-two canvass-backs and red heads killed by three simultaneous discharges, besides fifteen wounded, that were picked up by boats. I knew a party of three gunners to kill seventy-six ducks, at three shots a piece, one morning, and the next, ninety-five at four shots. I have heard of larger numbers being killed, but never saw it. I have seen the same flock of ducks toled three times in the same day, and shot at each time; but this does not often occur. They get very shy after they have been decoyed a few times, and will fly at the sight of a dog. The canvass-back, red head and black head, are easily toled; but there are several kinds of ducks that never have been known to tole. The best time of the day is from sunrise till nine o'clock in the morning, but I have seen them toled every hour of the day; and they will come to a white dog or flag by moonlight.

T. of Reg.

THE SPORTING DUKE.

The name and exploits of the late Duke of Queensberry (Old Q.) will never be forgotten by the sporting world, for whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success, he was one of the most distinguished characters on the English Turf. His horse Dash by Florizel, bred by Mr. Vernon, beat Sir Peter Teazle over the six mile course. New Market for 1,000 guineas, having refused 10 forfeit; also his late majesty's Don Quixote, the same distance, and for the same sum, and, during the year (1789), he won two other thousand guinea matches, the last against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, eight stone seven pounds each, three times round "the Round Course, or very nearly twelve miles! His carriage match, nineteen miles in one hour, with the same horses, and those four of the highest bred ones of the day, was undoubtedly a great undertaking, nor do we believe it has ever been exceeded. His singular bet of conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, was a trait of genius in its line. The MS. being inclosed in a cricket ball, and handed from one to the other of twenty-four expert cricketers, was delivered safe within the time. The Duke's stud was not so numerous as some of those of his contemporaries on turf, but he prided himself on the excellence of it. His principal rider was the famous Dick Goodison, father of the present jockey, in whose judgment he had much reliance. But in the language of the turf, his grace was 'wide awake,' and at times would rely on no one. Having, on one occasion, reason to know—the jockey, indeed, had honestly informed him of it—that a large sum of money was offered his man if he would lose.—'Take it,' said the Duke; 'I will bear you harmless.' When the horse came to the post, his Grace coolly observed, 'This is a nice horse to ride; I think I'll ride him myself,' when, throwing open his great coat, he was found to be in racing attire, and, mounting, won without a struggle.

THE GAY GHOST OF GRENADA!

In one of the remote districts of famed Grenada, stands, or stood, the Castle of Kenecca; at the time of which we speak it was partially dilapidated yet still so entire as to afford shelter to an occasional traveller; it was, however, generally avoided by all who were acquainted with its history for tradition assigned it as the place where Gonsalvez was assassinated by the satellites of a tyrannical government; it was likewise pointed out as the scene of various murders of less note—to crown the whole, it was asserted and believed that a Ghost of an extraordinary character was in the habit of there holding its nocturnal revels. Those who had seen it declared it was contrary to the nature of such beings, a most merry spirit, which, by its allurements, the imp... utterly ensnared the unwary.

One December evening, a young grandee and his attendants were overtaken by a storm, which compelled them to take refuge in the deserted castle. The guide was the only one of the party acquainted with the place, and he resolutely refused to remain a single hour within its unhallowed walls. The nobleman, however, merely laughed at Joachim's terrors, and ordered him, as he valued his life, to remain; and as he well knew the despotic power possessed by the grandees of Spain, he was under the necessity of yielding compliance; he took care, nevertheless, to stipulate that one of the servants should remain with him during the night, and with a heavy heart and a head full of horrors, he tumbled into such a bed as he could contrive to construct. For a long time he lay awake, tossing to and fro, wishing for morning ere the night was well begun. Towards midnight he fell into a troubled sleep, but had not so continued for many minutes, when he was awakened by a dreadful noise and a shaking of the bench on which he lay; he cautiously peered from under the cloak, which he had adopted by way of bedclothes, and, to his inexpressible dismay, beheld the very being he so much dreaded; it was capering and leaping about the apartment, howling in unseen with its salutations; in one of its animations, it approached close to where he lay, and lent him such an unmerciful buffet on the shoulder, as caused him instantly to leap up, when he found himself careering about under the influence of some unseen power he was unable to resist; the Ghost danced and he danced, it laughed and he joined in the chorus; they danced and danced till Joachim thought there would be no end of it; suddenly they ceased, and on looking round for his tormenting friend, the Ghost, he found he was gone; but to his behold in his place stood a tremendous bull, with eyes glaring most terrifically. Joachim heard it pronounce his own name, in conjunction with that of the devil; he waited for no more, the door stood open and out he bolted "with winged speed." As he bounded through the ruined courts he could distinctly hear the trampling of the bull as he rapidly gained on him; he ran, he flew, still he heard the blowing and bellowing of the bull behind him; at first he felt chilled from the want of his clothes, but presently he became so hot, he could have even parted with his skin;—he gained the open country, and again continued his headlong career; he heard no sounds of pursuit, and was beginning to congratulate himself on his escape, when his ears were saluted by a horrid cachinnation, and before him stood his old friend, the Ghost; what with the fear of the ghost before, and the bull behind, Joachim knew not what to do; no time was allowed him for deliberation, the Ghost began to approach, ... he thought he heard the giant bellowing of the bull; off he set on one side not a whit tired ... though he had by this time run more than a ... miles. ... as ... [illegible] the Ghost was still following, but flying, followed singing and laughing by turns; Joachim hesitated not a moment, he plunged into the ... and ... after he heard the Ghost ... and splashing through the water close behind him; the stream was several ... across, it was ... out of breath; ... but the Ghost was ... gradually ... seized and hurled to the earth. The Ghost laughing louder than ever, and making the whole country resound. It caught Joachim by the breast and pressed him to the ground; he however, struggled manfully, and in return threw his arms around the neck of the Ghost, over and over they rolled, neither getting the mastery. Joachim found himself becoming very weak, and with a desperate grip he clutched the throat of the malicious spectre—"Murder! Murder! for God's sake hold off my throat!" shouted Rovira, for Joachim had been asleep all the while, and had nearly "Burked" his companion. The house awakened all the other inmates, who, after bestowing a few hearty curses on the guide and his Ghost, went to sleep again.—Joachim was, however, cured of all further desire for sleep that night, and never after related the story without accompanying it with a mysterious shake of the head, as much as to say, there was certainly something in it after all!

A FEW COMMENTS ON THE RACING THIS SPRING.

Extract from a Letter.

Fortune has this spring scattered her favors with something like an even hand. Messrs. Selden, Botts, Davis, and others, have partaken of her bounty. Success has rarely been so much divided; the favorites but in few instances winning as many as two races during the whole campaign. Of the unusual number of competitors, but three have exceeded that number; and, in many instances, too, the favorites have been signally defeated; as Mary Randolph, at the Union Course; O'Kelly, at Poughkeepsie; Goliah, at Tree Hill; the Central Course; Flying Dutchman, at Newmarket; Muckle John, at Norfolk; and Pizarro, at Fairfield and Lynchburg.

The winners that have won more frequently than once, during this spring's racing, in Virginia, District of Columbia, Maryland and New York, are as follows: Ironette, four times; Dolly Dixon, three; Medley colt, out of Betsey Robinson, three; and Tuckahoe, Flying Dutchman, Black Maria, Muckle John and Monsoon, twice each. I remember none other that has won more than a single race during the campaign. I do not refer to the minor courses or second rate "cattle."—*Skinner's Turf Register.*

Strong the Brass.—The ... [illegible] ... has appeared, but ... boiling the Tea kettle ... yet to come. In a family at the west end of the city, lives an honest Irish woman, for the purpose of attending culinary work. She was directed on the first afternoon of her residence, to boil the Teakettle—a very common phrase—as early as possible. After waiting a long time and no signs of Tea, Mrs. —— went in to ascertain why the delay—when lo! the Teakettle was boiling, it having been put into a large pot, and was boiling—if hot water with a great fire could produce the effect. What are you about Patty? Why I am doing what you told me to do—*Boiling the Teakettle.*

A LOVER'S WISH.

As the pale moon and stars shone ... bright
My fancy's fair ... gazing ... skies;
O that I had ... given ... night,
Have viewed my St... with so many eyes!

A snug Family.—Last Thursday, Mr. Isaac Colburn of Dedham, a worthy old gentleman, aged 77, (his necessary affairs not warranting his following the fashionable idea of the day by making a visit to Saratoga or the White Mountains for the benefit of his health) spent the day at Squantum, surrounded by his family, amounting to *seventy-one* children and grand-children.—*Transcript.*

The organ of early *destructiveness* sometimes exhibits itself in a droll way. The mother of a family was the other day saying, that as soon as the youngest child was of *such an age*, she should *break up the nursery.* "La, mama!" said one of the children "that will be fine sport—I'll *break up the chairs*, and John shall *break up the tables*."

Turf Matters.

FALL RACES.

We have already stated that there are to be two Meetings this fall: the first of which will last four or five days, commencing on the 1st October. A great variety of Sweepstakes and Matches are being made up among some first rate horses, so that great sport is to be looked for, independantly of the two, three, and four mile days.

The Match of the Northern Colt "*Niagara*" belonging to Mr. John C. Stephens, and the Southern Colt "*Cadet*" owned by Col. Johnson, will take place on the first day, for $1000 a side—four miles out. There is a Sweepstake made up of four subscribers—two mile heats—$500 entrance. In this stake "*Shark*," the victor of the deceased Midas, will meet "*Jessup*," the Southern Colt, who was matched to run against that late promising colt for $10,000. There is now no doubt that this interesting trial of skill between the North and South will take place in this sweepstakes, unless one or both shall be withdrawn to make a Stake of larger amount, which will of course only increase the contention.

It is almost impossible to give any distinct idea at this time, of what matches will take place, as stakes are not unfrequently made up on the very evening before the Race,—but we understand that a negociation is now going on for a Match of scarcely less interest than that of the celebrated Henry and Eclipse. Good sport, we are certain of, and all the lovers of the Turf will do well to take a peep at our Fall Races.

CENTRAL COURSE.

FALL RACES.

In our advertising columns will be found the Bill of Fare for this meeting, which will commence on Tuesday the 15th October. There will be four days Racing, and from the value of the Purses and the number of promising Nags about to contend for them, there is no doubt of excellent sport.

THE STUD BOOK.

This work is now printed, and will be ready for delivery in a very few days. To the Turfman and breeder of Horses it is a book of the utmost value, where, at a single glance, the whole pedigree of any horse can be ascertained with ease and certainty.—We were never more convinced of the worth, nay, the absolute necessity of such a book of reference than on finding a sporting friend at fault a few days since, for the dam of one of the most celebrated mares that ever ran upon our Course; although he can usually trace the blood of any known Nag to the length of a Welchman's Pedigree, and none of the Registers at present published could inform him. The plan of the work, and the address to the public with which it opens, are emanations from an illustrious Statesman, now deceased, whose love and care of his stock were almost equal to the eccentricity of his singularly gifted mind.

Nearly all the pedigrees are attested by the owners or breeders of the horses, and any deficiency has been supplied by the most industrious search among the proofs and records of former proprietors. In the utility of such a work, every one who has had occasion to trace back a single pedigree, will readily concur, and for the accuracy of its details, as well as the excellence of its arrangements, the industrious compiler, Mr. Edgar, possesses the vouchers and recommendations of some of the most distinguished Turfmen in the United States. They are inserted in the preface to the work, and we cordially join their writers in recommending it as a book of the utmost utility to every sportsman in the country.

TROTTING COURSE.

While this section of the country has so much reason to be proud of its trotting Horses, it has been a matter of serious regret to all who admire this useful and exciting sport that so much room should be given to doubt the performances even of our best Horses, from the uncertainty attending the variations in all our Trotting Courses—some exceeding the mile, but many more falling far short of it,—so that some first rate trotters have never had justice done to them, while many secondary Nags have had the spurious reputation of doing their mile in 2, 45 or 2, 50 who if the course were of a just length would not come within 3 minutes.

This objection, we are delighted to find, is about to be done away with at the Centreville Course,—the proprietor of which has now extended his track to one mile and complete mile and the account of the trotting that will take place on it this Gilmay therefore be considered the only certain record of the true speed of the Horses.

NEW RACE COURSE.

We learn from the Turf Register that L. S. Garrison, Esq. of Norfolk, Va. is establishing a New Race Course about eleven miles from Baltimore, by the Ohio Rail Road. The races begin the week after those at the Central Course, which follow immediately on the finish of our first Meeting, and as there are but three weeks to elapse between the end of our first, and the commencement of our second meeting, the month of October will be unusually full of sporting events.

Dear bought Curiosity.—On Wednesday last, a person named ... Speer, who had just come from Paterson, N. J. to purchase some dying materials, out of curiosity indulged himself with a ramble to that sweet little spot, the Five Points, a place of which he had heard so much from an his acquaintance, but had never viewed. ... On course, ... one of the houses of entertainment in ... and fell into conversation with a very interesting female with whom he took a social glass or two, for which, with the accustomed hospitality and politeness of the ladies of that part of the city, he was not allowed to pay. She shelling out the ... Suffice it to say, the man fell asleep, and awakening next morning, found himself kicked completely out of doors, with his pockets lightened of $25 in cash, and a gold watch of the value of another cool hundred. By the aid of a Police officer, he subsequently recovered the latter, and had the girl arrested, but the other trifle was lost forever to him.—*Standard.*

English Bull.—A late English paper, in giving an account of a fete lately given to the King and Queen by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, says "the company began to arrive at four o'clock, and formed an *interminable* line of carriages of a mile in length."

FAITHLESS ANNA.

Miss Blowsabella Anna Jones,
She fell in love one day,
So went down on her marrow bones,
And thus began to pray.

"Oh long may I my true love love,
Long may my love love me!"
She pray'd so long she could not move,
The cramp came in her knee.

But love's a most uncertain thing,
And can't be trusted to;
For when he'd bought the wedding ring,
Miss Blowzy proved untrue.

Now this poor fellow did depart
All by a sudden death;
And if it wer'nt of a broken heart,
It were for want of breath.

Some say he'd used her ill of late,
Some say she'd used him worse:
She pawned the ring;—the duplicate,
And change were in her purse.

Her conscience made her very sick,
She took unto her bed;
Her cold feet on a good warm brick,
A night cap on her head.

The air was raw and frosty too,
The cold it nipped her nose;
And so (as you or I would do,)
She put it 'neath the clothes.

A Ghost there came to her bedside,
A monster tall and grim;
But when he looked, she turned her head,
And would not look at him.

A frog upon each eyebrow sat,
A lizard on his chin;
And 'tween his teeth th' head of a rat,
Kept popping out and in.

His eyes they glared, and looked so fell,
They set the bed on fire;
Miss Blowzy tried to ring the bell
But could'nt pull the wire.

A string of dead dew-worms were tied,
Around his scraggy brow;
Says he "I come to claim my bride,
Because she broke her vow."

She screamed and wept at what he said,
But found it all in vain;
So laid herself upon the bed,
And went to sleep again!

SHAKSPEARE IN SCOTLAND.

Curious Relic.—It has hitherto been supposed by Shakspeare's annotators, though with no great confidence, that that great man must have been among a band of players which Queen Elizabeth sent to entertain her cousin King James of Scotland, and which is known to have exhibited before that Monarch at Perth, in the year 1600. Sir John Sinclair, in a letter written nearly sixty years ago—for so long has Sir John been an author—and which may be found somewhere entombed in his famous Statistical Account, employs much ingenious argument to show the probability of this conjecture, chiefly insisting that the poet must have paid a visit to Dunsinane Hill, in order to have arrived at such a minute and correct knowledge of the localities of that region as he displays in Macbeth. We are fortunately enabled by the kindness of a correspondent, to make a decisive settlement of this point of the poet's life, by producing a letter from Ben Jonson to Drummond, of Hawthornden, in which it is made plain that Shakspeare at least visited Edinburgh. He of the "learned sock," it is well known, visited Scotland in 1619, partly, we believe, for the purpose of seeing the country of his ancestors, (for it will be remembered that Jonson's father was of the Johnstone's of Annandale,) and partly that he might pay a visit to his friend Drummond, at Hawthornden. The letter was then written. This curious relic must be looked upon as also contributing a mite to the history of the drama in Scotland, for which the materials are so lamentably meagre:—

"master Vil

"quhen we wer drinking at my Lords on Sonday you promised yat you would gett for me my Lords coppie he lent you of my lord Sempill his interlude callit philotas and quheh Vill Shakspeare told me he saw acted in edinburt toun quhen he wes vair wt the players to his great contentment and delighte

"my man waits your answer
to give him the playe
and lette him awaye
To your assured friend
and loving servand
(Signed) BEN JONSON.

"From my lodgeing in ye cannougat
Mich the twelft 1619"
(Endorsed)
"To my very good friend
the lairde of Hawthorne—den
Yese"

DESCRIPTION OF THE "KINGDOM" OF CONNAUGHT.

This interesting portion of the British Empire both," says an intelligent traveller, "under a dark grey cloud which is evermore discharging itself on the earth, but, like the widow's cruse, is never exhausted. It is bounded on the south by Christendom and part of Tipperary, on the north by Donegal, and on the west by the *Salt Say.* It abounds in bogs, lakes, and other natural curiosities; its soil consists of equal quantities of earth and stone; and its surface so admirably disencumbered of trees, shrubs, hedges and ditches, that an intelligent backwoodsman from Lousiana was heard to declare with rapture, that it was the most perfectly cultivated territory in Europe. Its gentry are a polished and religious race, remarkable for their punctuality in pecuniary transactions, and their freedom from a litigious or quarrelsome disposition. The prevailing mode of belief among the upper classes is *Anythingarianism*, that of the people pure Popery. The town of Ballinasloe is seated on a river, the name of which I neglected to inquire. It is much frequented by saints and cattle-dealers carries on a lively trade in sheep and proselytes, and tables and bullocks are "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." The cabins, moreover, are whitewashed—pigs and popery are prohibited—and travellers wayfaring on the seventh day denounced, and under penalties amercements enjoined to take their ease in their respective inns."

Something like a bull.—The Philadelphia Gazette speaks of the increasing shortness of the days. This is something like that of the Virginia expression monstrous little; and they are both like the description given of a very small horse, which in comparison with another one referred to, was said to be as little as two of him.

IDLE HOURS.

Characters of newspapers.

How much character there is in the superficial aspect of a newspaper! It is an emulating portrait of its editor, physiognomy and craniology on every page. The notion of a large man or a little man, a tall man or a short man, is linked with each sheet; and taking up one of those hebdomadals, the figure of its editor rises before us as distinct as if he were not three feet off. Aye, do what thou wilt, Monsieur Goosequill—be bachelor, friend of misanthropist—thou art seen and known; thy whims and oddities, thy queer notions and crooked habits, even thy phiz, is circulated with each sheet thy carrier distributes. There is a sort of misparable personality in the affair: no need of multiplying portraits or miniatures of that portion of the human race y'cleped *editors*; no need of biographies or autobiographies;—only turn over your pile of papers, reader, and take a general introduction to the corps editorial.

First comes a huge, clear printed sheet: the chap must be doing well in the world. His incantations are long and polished—not penned as if they had been interrupted by the perplexities of business. Some blunders in typography, one man's name spelt wrong, and one little runaway negro turned on his head—but then he is not always in his office, and not afraid of criticism. A middle sized, portly, gentlemanly-looking personage, doubtless, with a well brushed coat and a well turned hat, and no lack of the needful in his pocket.

Take up the next large sheet; filled with advertisements. Now this man looks to the profitable. No long special motions in politics, ... and on that side—no congress orations of two pages, and "to be continued" at the end—no calls to the polls, &c. &c. And as for Europe, a jig for it. Who cares how many empires turn over, how many armies turn out, and how many kings are turned out—he takes care of his own little empire, a newspaper, and let that only flourish in peace and in plenty, the world may wag as it will. He must be a tall, thin, dark-looking man, with an eye that seldom turns to the right or left. He has a wife, too, to share his earthly cares and joys, and, very likely he must have hit on just the right sort of one. Whenever a man of any sense finds his worldly affairs growing desperate, he always takes to himself a wife, and this grand experiment has one recommendation—it is always *kill or cure*; she either contrives to mend matters, or she puts the finishing stroke to ruin; and either way.—

"Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piece-meal on the rock."

That next editor must be a bachelor. His little periodical is so superfinely printed, so fantastically embellished, with houses and trees, fit for a souvenir. No letters misplaced, no wedding couples flourishing under the head of *obituary*, nor the dead transferred to the altar of Hymen. He evidently has no wife; for a bad one would distract him with her clatter and turmoil, and a good one would only win him from business. His newspaper is evidently his sole love. It has some especial advantages, too, over all feminine appendages; it is neither obtrusive nor loquacious. Does it not wear whatever garb he pleases to put on, and is it not grave or gay, kind or severe, at his bidding?—whereas, these wives are sometimes sturdy animals, either to coax or drive.

As many men differ from each other but by trifling qualities, so between many newspapers the shades of distinction are lightly drawn; others, like their authors are broadly marked and easily read. Look at that little course, grayish, sturdy *sixpenny*, *with* letters huge enough to furnish a signpost, as if meant for the blind to read!—Lord bless us! see the fingers and thumbs pointing this way and that way, and exclamation points enough for three modern tragedies. A genuine little roarer. All the uproar in its power this little paper is determined to make. What a talker that editor must be!—a short, stout man, with a very big mouth; one who wears goggles, and lives in some place where the wind always blows a gale. He doubtless numbers among his household deities some half a dozen shouting, whoop and hallowing urchins, and learned his emphasis by practising in that modern Babel—a domestic circle. Strange Democrats never thought of a nursery when he sought the sea shore to strengthen his lungs.—*Winchester Repub.*

Antiquities.—A fondness for the collection and preservation of the relics of former times seems to be a passion inherent in some people, which develops itself in them as music or poetry does in others. The Antiquarian is constantly seeking for relics of bye gone days, and will compass sea and land in the pursuit of *auger cottigus*, to which is attached a fictitious value from the circumstance of their belonging to this or that person who was distinguished by some peculiar characteristic.

The American Antiquarian Society's Cabinet is enriched with a large number of relics which have been collected by the untiring zeal of the members of the Society. The history of most of these curiosities, we believe, is well authenticated. But whether the authenticity of the following which are preserved in the Gottae Church at Eddleram, a village of Mecklenburg in Germany, is well established, is a problem which we leave to be solved by Antiquarians who are more curious and better informed than we are on the subject. Among a large number of others, which Mr. Nugent, in his letters from Germany, enumerates as a specimen of the ignorance and superstition of former ages, are these:—

A bundle of hay, which the three wise men of the east had for their cattle, and left behind them at Bethlehem.

A piece of linen which the virgin Mary wove with her own hands.

A piece of the head belonging to the fish mentioned in Tobiah.

A piece of Joseph's mantle which he left in the hands of Potiphar's wife, when she tempted him.

Part of Judas' bowels which gushed out as he burst asunder.

The scissors with which Dalilah cut off Sampson's hair.

A piece of the apron which the butler wore when he killed the calf upon the return of the prodigal son.

One of the fine smooth stones which David put into his bag, when he went to encounter the giant Goliah.

A branch of the tree on which Absalom hung by the hair.

A piece of St. Paul's fishing net.—*Boston Mer.*

We are not very partial to riddles, and believe that thus far we have been guilty of publishing but one. The following, however, seems as original, is quite novel and ingenious, and may afford innocent amusement to those who like ... to puzzle their brains:—

A word if you find that will silence proclaim
Which spell'd backwards or forwards will still be the same;
And next then you search for a feminine name
Which backwards or forwards will still be the same;
And then for an act, or writing, whose name
Spell'd backwards or forwards will still be the same;
A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
Spell'd backwards or forwards is ever the same;
A note used in music, which time does proclaim
And backwards or forwards alike is the same;
The initials connected a title will frame,
Which is justly the due of a fair married dame,
And which backwards or forwards will still be the same.
Yes, backwards or forward- the same.

Jour. Com. HANNAH.

THE PUNSTER'S JOURNAL.

MONDAY.—Had my old friend Matthew Mundy to dinner for consistency's sake—suiting the action to the word. Told him I had resolved to christen my next new work from the matrimonial press by the title of Damon, if a boy, and born on Monday—the name of Da-mon being, in fact, but Mon-day reversed. After my friend Mundy was gone, thought of him, and mundane affairs generally, and found myself involuntarily exclaiming,

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

TUESDAY (or Two's day.)—Had with my breakfast a couple of eggs *polled* into one. Thought of Noah's ark, and started what I call a good hypothesis, viz. that it must have been on the pre-anniversary of *this day* that the multitude of living things entered the ark in pairs. Dined at two o'clock. Helped twice to soup, fish, meat and pudding, for consistency's sake.—B—n the vulgarity of it! After dinner, regaled myself with a couple of *pears*, as the desert of the day. Wet evening—bought a brace of umbrellas, though I wanted but one; this for consistency's sake—gave the other away to my two nieces.

WEDNESDAY (or When' day, or Wed-niece-day.)—Was present at my niece Winifred's wedding, purposely fixed ... for this day. Wondered *when* the bride would have finished her toilette, and was a *when* the bride-maid meant to be a bride.

THURSDAY (or Thirst day.)—For the time of year weather remarkably warm and stimulative to the deglutition of liquids, by a fortunate coincidence. Offered my shoe-maker, who called about his little bill, a draught on Aldgate pump; man grinned, and said he had enough of *pumps* already.

FRIDAY, (or Fry-day.)—Took a walk in the sun, putting my best light at ... the eye of Phœbus. Met my warm old friend, Fry, and made a point of inquiring particularly after Mrs. Fry, and all the infant *fry*. Dined on fried soles, lamb's fry, and fried eggs and bacon—very much afraid of frying too many eggs ... ought not to be frightened, but to go to ... in the true sense, and fry-ten herself. Afterwards took into Robinson Crusoe for the description of the *red Fri*day man, and then into the theatre to see the *Frey*-schutz.

SATURDAY (or Sature-day.)—Wrote a powerful article against absurd people in general, and an exposure of the bank system by way of change. At dinner did not forget to *cut up* all that came before me, not to insist on the requisite accompaniment *sharp* sauce. Finished the day with a kind of Saturnalia of cherry bounce, egg-hot, flap, and snapdragon. Little ones much diverted therewith—and the same. In going to bed excogitated the following *impromptu* on this the last day of the week:

"Why, of all days, should Poets prefer Saturday?—
Because it rhymes to what is the latter day!"

Mem. Thought this a good thing, but have not yet induced my wife to see the point of it.

SUNDAY (Sun-day.)—By no means a *dies non*, with me, for I walked from Sol's Row, to Sun Street, and afterwards rode to Sunning Hill—When there, regretted it was not the time of year for sun-flowers; contemplated sundry objects and picked up some rhyme near a sun-dial. Met my old neighbor, Day, and told him that his son Day was a diurnal wonder—a Day lasting all through the week, and many of ... Paid Mr. Solly's servant half-a-crown for snatching a kiss of her, that I might say it was a fee-tuss (Phœbus.)—Wife indignant, and declared she didn't understand it. Attempted to explain the riddle, but got a *re*buff for my *re*bus.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS AND REPORTERS.

It has been already remarked, that the very disgraceful practice in another species of reporting, of paying by the line, leads to every vice of composition, in order to swell out such reports to a profitable extent. Much worse effects ensue, for the mode of payment has engendered a whole system or organization of falsehood and fraud. The penny-a-line man, who is always a needy, and but too often a desperate character, and in constant association with delinquents and police-officers, gives point to his reports, for which there is no foundation. He colors every thing to the utmost, and stretches to an incredible degree of exaggeration and extravagance, in order to give an interest in his reports, and to make them saleable. This branch of reporting, if it may be so called, is immersed in bribery of the foulest kind. If a case happens at a police-office, in which the parties are of a class of life to make them sensitive to an exposure of their names in a newspaper, the penny-a-line man, or police reporter, colors his account of the proceedings before the magistrate to the very highest, in order to get a more certain or a larger bribe for suppressing or modifying the report.

There are some courts, one in particular which I can mention, in which are daily seen about half a score of penny-a-line men, whilst the newspapers do not contain reports of the proceedings of the court, sufficiently long or numerous to render it worth the while of any one man to attend to its business. The reporters in this case, live entirely by hush money. We know two cases; one of which a person of this stamp offered an editor of a paper to suppress a report which related to his own family, provided he was paid the *quiddam honorarium*. The unsuspecting person knew not that the editor, by his connexion with the press, could effect the object without paying for it, and he got a sound lecture for his proposal. In the other case, an attorney ... an editor, a man of inflexible integrity. "Mr. ——, I perceive that you suppressed the case of ... at the police-office, and as all the reporters have had two guineas each for suppressing it, ... if you will call at ——, and ... your name and desert, you will receive ... "Sir," replied the editor, "I never heard of your case, for the report never came to me; but now that I have heard of it, be assured that I will insert it in my very next publication, and will expose your name and address with the baseness of your conduct." The threat was fairly put into execution.

... Hawkes when called to ... [illegible] ... He was indignant ... His adversaries were ... But what can I do, said he, I have ... half sovereign to ... The reply to this was obvious ... this bribe equally. The next point was at last agreed to be settled at the Ben Jonson's Head, where the ... settled it off-hand, by half cracking the heads of his adversaries. He paid dearly for ... compromising action for assault.

"Ah! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly formed to meet by Nature."

Marriages in Low Life.—Ann Jane Slextor, *cook*, to Francis James Hodges, *man man*. What renders this marriage worthy of record is, that each of the happy couple had had a couple of children by a *couple* of wives or husbands, previously. Each had a *couple* of Christian names—each lived with a lady and gentleman of the name of *Couples*—and that they, the happy couple were coupled by a couple beggar, for a couple of shillings!!!—*Dublin paper.*

REFUSAL OF A LARGE FARE BY AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.

Mr. Cole, a medical gentleman, who resides in the Edgewareroad, appeared at the Justice-room to ask the assistance of the Lord Mayor under the following circumstances of hardship:—The learned gentleman caused a great deal of merriment, which sprung in a great measure from the excellent temper with which he gave the history of his calamity. To all appearance the doctor was about 30 stone weight.

"I am come my Lord Mayor, to complain to you of the very unreasonable conduct of the omnibus conductors and drivers," said the Doctor. "I live in the Edgeware-road, and find it necessary to get into an omnibus to come and return from town. Of late, however, the coachman and conductors the moment I hail them shake their heads, and drive on, saying, 'No, no, you won't do for me'—(great laughter.) They object to my size, I suppose, but I am not exactly in a condition to remedy that, and, therefore if they have me at all, they must have me as I am"—(laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—I am afraid, Doctor, that I can't compel them to have you, and, to say the truth, I think their objection is a very reasonable one. Put the matter in this way: An omnibus is licensed to cary 14 persons inside. Now, suppose 14 men of your size were to demand admission, how would you like to be a passenger?

Doctor Cole—Not by any means. I assure you, for I am convinced that we would not be at all comfortable in such weather as this. They proposed to me to pay double price, but I am only one person; and I thought that the Act of Parliament protected me.

The Lord Mayor—The drivers need not take any one they don't fancy. It was but the other day a drunken fellow wanted to force his way into an omnibus, and I fined him. Now, I should think that the passengers would have as great objection to you as the drivers, and, therefore, until you can reduce your weight, you cant expect accommodation from Paddington to the Bank for sixpence—(laughter.)

Doctor Cole (casting his eyes round himself)—To reduce this bulk would be a difficult thing. It is impossible.

The Lord Mayor—I'll tell you how,—walk.

Doctor Cole—Walk! What! from Paddington to the Bank!—(loud laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—That's a certain remedy for obesity.—If Daniel Lambert had carried the box in which he travelled, he would never have been such a spectacle.

Doctor Cole—It is not an easy matter for a man upwards of 50 years of age to walk any considerable distance. I am a medical man, and I would not in such a case recommend violent walking.

The Lord Mayor—You mean you would not practice it Doctor—(a laugh.)

Doctor Cole—I am also aware of the usual method of reducing jockies and fighting men, but I should not fancy that system—(great laughter). I know the reduction of weight by such means to be ruinous to the constitution, not to say a word of the inconvenient nature of the process to a man like me.

The Lord Mayor—I wish I could render you a service, Doctor; you bear all these things it appears to me with an excellent temper.

Doctor Cole—Certainly I do. I enjoy the refusal of the conductors as much as the passengers do. The moment the door is open the passengers cry out, "Oh, Lord, we've no room here, you must get an omnibus for yourself!"—(laughter.) The coachman cries, "I told you before, Jack, that we could not take in that load under double price." and the conducter slams the door, and says, "All right," leaving me in the middle of the road, in a roar of laughter—(great laughter.)

The Lord Mayor declared that he never saw so faithful an illustration of the old saying, "Laugh and grow fat," and repeated his prescription of walking, but without the slightest effect upon the Doctor, who disturbed the whole room in moving out of it.

Cruelty.—On Sunday morning a person who was riding through Grand street came to a pile of building materials lying in the cartway, past which his horse refused to go. This so incensed the rider, that he jumped off and seizing a stick of wood, struck the animal such a violent blow on the head as to fell him to the ground. After the horse had sufficiently recovered, he again took his seat in the saddle, and endeavoured by belaboring him incessantly over the ears with the butt of his whip, to force him up to the object of his fright. Of course the animal—a noble, high-spirited looking creature—became more alarmed and more averse to going ahead, at which the more than brute that rode him, became so irritated that he again dismounted, and by way of showing to the crowd gathered around him, that he was not to be conquered, he once more struck him with a club on the temple, and with so much strength as to instantly deprive him of life.—It is almost needless to say that the horse was a hired one.—*Standard.*

EPIGRAM.

"Nature no vacuum hath," doth Crito cry.
While Crito's head doth give his tongue the lie.

The Wandering Paper's reign is over. His travels are no longer chronicled; his manners marked, or his dress recorded. He goes from town to town, and save the ragged urchins attracted by the squeal of his bagpipes, no one troubles himself about the itinerant discourser of eloquent music.—This catastrophe has been brought about principally by an unfortunate "*p*" which pushed itself impudently into his signature on the way-book of a Yankee tavern. The world ran mad about the Wandering Piper, but the "Wandering *Papper*," as he termed himself soon became an object of derision. When the troubadour next assumes the importance, and exacts homage due to wealth and rank, it is hoped that he will mind his *p's* and *q's*.—*Phila. Intel.*

A Thplendid Thpeaker.—The editor of the Witness, published in Middletown, (Conn.) ill-naturedly publishes at full length the only speech of an aspiring member of the legislature during three years. He says the reader must "imagine the tall and imposing figure of the orator reduced to an angle of 45 degrees—his legs crook-ant—his arms, romp-ant—his hands, grap-ant—his eyes, squint-ant—the scintillations of genius flashing from the latter in such quick succession that they form a halo of glory around his splendid head and expressive face. Here is the speech:

"Mither Thpeaker—Ath I had the honor to introduth thith bill, I think it ought to path."

ON LADIES' EVENING DRESSES.

When dressed for the evening, the girls now-a-days,
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave;
Nor blame them—for what is an evening dress,
But a dress that is suited for *Eve!*

Sharp Practice.—Old Parr is recorded to have been in the habit of sleeping in wet sheets to *cure a cold!*

From one of the last expressions of Dr. Garthshore, it appears that this celebrated physician had *tedium vitæ*, produced by the change from activity to confinement. When he was about to expire, he said, 'I'm glad of it, I am tired of having my shoes pulled on and off.'

SWALLOW BARN.

It has been truly said that he that is robbed not knowing of his loss, is no loser at all: we suppose that the converse of the proposition is equally veritable. If so, accident and a leisure moment have suddenly made us rich; we have had Swallow Barn in our possession for the space of some odd years, months and days, without a thought of its value, or once dreaming of putting to use the treasures wherein it abounds. But perhaps some of our readers are not exactly aware of the nature of Swallow Barn; it is a book gentle friend; one of the choicest, richest, merriest and most capital of all possible books. It is an American, or to speak more by the card, a Virginian Sketch-book. Swallow Barn is the cognomen of an Estate somewhere within fifty or sixty miles of Richmond, and the contents of these volumes are just the humors and goings-on of the inhabitants, and some of their neighbors. It is equal to Irving in every thing except polish and pathos; the forte of the author is humor; the oddities of his characters are of the very first brand, and he tells of their sayings and doings with an irresistible gravity and sedateness. He has created a host of delightful beings whom we love with an affection like that which we bestow upon Dominie Sampson, and Dugald Dalgetty, and Die Vernon, and Oldbuck, and Caleb Balderstone. From the moment of their introduction, we are sworn friends, and travel along together merrily with a smile on our lip, and fun of the very first water dancing along every vein, till the last page of the second volume is turned, and we are ready to growl at the author for not giving us more. By the way, we have heard that his pen not idle, and that we may look for another treat in the course of the coming winter or spring. Be it so; he shall be heartily welcome.

We have copied a chapter, by way of a specimen; and after devouring it, we trust that none of our readers will think meanly of our advice; to wit, that they put themselves forthwith in motion, and buy, beg, borrow, or steal Swallow Barn.

MY GRAND UNCLE.

My grand uncle Edward Hazard, the father of Walter, was from all accounts, a man of an active speculating turn. He was always busy in schemes to improve his estate, and, it is said, threw away a great deal of money by way of bettering his fortune. He was a gentleman who had spent a considerable portion of his life in England, and when he settled himself, at last, in possession of his patrimony at Swallow Barn, he was filled with magnificent projects, which, tradition says, to hear him explain, would have satisfied any man, to a mathematical demonstration, that with the expenditure of a few thousand pounds, Swallow Barn would have risen one hundred per cent in value. He was a very authoritative man also, in the province; belonged frequently to the House of Burgesses; and was, more than once, in the privy council. The family now look up to my grand uncle Edward, as one of the most distinguished individuals of the stock and take a great deal of pride in his importance: they say he was a most astonishing rake in London, and a wonderful speaker in the provincial legislature.

Connected with these two developements of his character, there are two portraits of him at Swallow Barn. One represents him in an embroidered coat without a cape, a highly worked cravat, tied tight enough about his neck to choke him, which makes his eyes seem to start from their sockets; an inordinately bedizened waistcoat, satin small-clothes, silk stockings, and large buckles in his shoes. His complexion is of the most effeminate delicacy, and his wig seems to form a white downy cushion for a small fringed cocked-hat. By the portrait, he could not have been much above twenty years of age; and his air is prodigiously conceited. The second picture exhibits only his bust. It presents a gentleman with a fine, bluff, and somewhat waggish face, past the meridian of life, arrayed in brown, with the oratorical expression of one about to make a speech.

Now it must be made known, that the tract of land, called the Brakes, belonging to the Tracy family, lies adjacent to Swallow Barn. In old times the two estates were divided by a small stream that emptied into the James River, and that is still known by the name of the Apple-pie Branch. This rivulet traverses a range of low grounds for some miles, occasionally spreading itself out into morasses, which were formerly, and in some places are now, overgrown with thickets of arrow-wood, ninebark, and various other shrubs, the growth of this region. The main channel of the stream through these tangled masses, was generally distinct enough to be traced as a boundary line, although the marsh extended some distance from each bank. In the course of this stream there is one point where the higher ground of the country stretches in upon the bed of the marsh, from either side, so as to leave a gorge of about a hundred yards in width, from both of which eminences the spectator may look back upon the low lands of the swamp for nearly a mile.

Just at that period of the life of my grand uncle when his fever of improvement had risen to its crisis, and when he was daily creating immense fortunes,—in his dreams,—it struck him, upon looking at the gorge I have described, that with very little trouble and expense, he might throw a stout breastwork from one side to the other, and have as fine a mill-dam as any man could possibly desire. It was so simple an operation that he was surprised it had never occurred to him before. And then a flour mill might be erected a short distance below, —which would cost but a trifle,—and the inevitable result would be that this unprofitable tract of waste land would thereupon become the most valuable part of the estate.

I am told that it belonged to the character of my grand uncle to fall absolutely in love with every new project. He turned this one over in his mind for two or three nights: and it became as clear to him as daylight, that he was to work wonders with his mill.

So, reflecting that he had but sixteen irons in the fire at this time, he went to work without a moment's delay. The first thing he did was to send an order to Bristol, (for he never had any opinion of the mechanics at home,) for a complete set of mill machinery; and the second, to put up a house of pine weather-boards, for the mill. Contemporaneously with this last operation, he set about the dam: and, in the course of one summer, he had a huge breastwork of logs thrown across the path of the modest, diminutive Apple-pie, which would have terrified the stream even if it had been a giant.

As soon as this structure was completed, the water began to gather. My grand uncle came down every day to look at them, and as he saw them gradually encroaching upon the different little mounds of the swamp, it is said he smiled and remarked to his son Walter, whom he frequently took with him, "that it was strange to see what results were produced by human art." And it is also told of him, that he made his way, during the rising of the waters, to a tree in the bed of the dam, to notch with his penknife a point to which the flood would ultimately tend; that, while stooping to take a level with the breast of the dam, he lost his balance, and was upset into a pool, formed by the encroaching element; and that, when Walter expected to see him in a passion at his mishap, he rose laughing and observed, "that the bed of the dam was a damned bad bed; which is said to be the only pun that ever was made in the Hazard family, and therefore I have put it on record.

In a few days with the help of one or two rains, the dam was completely full; and to the infinite pleasure of my grand uncle, a thin thread of water streamed over one corner of the dam,—the most beautiful little cascade in the world; it looked like a glossy streamer of delicate white ribbon. My grand uncle was delighted. "There my boy," said he to Walter, "there is Tivoli for you! We shall have our mill a-going in a week."

Sure enough, that day week, off went the mill. All the corn on the farm was brought down to the place; and, for an hour or two that morning, the mill clattered away as if it had been filled with a thousand iron-shod devils, all dancing a Scotch reel. My grand uncle thumped his cane upon the floor with a look of triumph, whilst his eyes started from his head, (so as to produce a wonderful resemblance of his youthful picture,) as he frequently exclaimed to the people about him, "I told you so, this comes of energy and foresight; this shows the use of a man's faculties, my boy!"

It was about an hour and a half, or perhaps two hours,—as my authority affirms,—after the commencement of this racket and clatter in the mill, that my grand uncle, and all the others that were intent upon the operation, were a little surprised to discover that the millstone began to slacken in its speed; the bolting cloth was manifestly moving lazily, and the wheels were getting tired. Presently, a dismal screech was heard, that sounded like all the trumpets of Pandemonium blown at once: it was a prolonged, agonizing, diabolical note that went to the very soul.

"In the name of all the imps of Tartarus and bad blackguard fiends of Acheron—(a famous interjection of my grand uncle's) what is that?" "It's only the big wheel stopped as a knock as a terrapine," said the miller, "and it naturally screeches, to cause, you see, the gudgeon is new, and wants grease." Hereupon a court of inquiry was instituted; and, leading the van, followed by the whole troop, out went my grand uncle to look at the head gate. Well, not a thing was to be seen there but a large solitary bull-frog, squatted on his hams at the bottom of the race, and looking up at his visitors with the most pitying and imploring countenance, as much as to say, "I assure you gentlemen, I am exceedingly astonished at this extraordinary convulsion, which has left me, as you perceive, naked and dry."—Then the court proceeded upon the investigation towards the dam to observe how that came on.

I can readily imagine how my grand uncle looked, when the scene here first presented itself to his view. It must have been just such a look as Sir Peter Teazle is made to put on, when the screen falls: a look of droll, waggish, solemn, silent wonder, which, for the time, leaves it a matter of perfect doubt whether it is to terminate in a laugh or a cry. In the first place the beautiful ribbon cascade was clean gone. In the second, there were all the tussocks of the swamp, showing their small green heads above the surface of the water, which would hardly have covered one's shoe-top; and there were all the native shrubs of the marsh, bending forwards, in scattered groups, like a set of rose bushes that had been visited by a shower; dripping wet, and having their slender stalks tangled with weeds; and there was, towards the middle, a little line of rivulet meandering down to the edge of the dam, and then holding its unambitious course parallel with the breastwork, deploying to the left, where it entered the race, and tripping along gently, down to the very seat of the bull-frog. "Hoity, toity," cried my grand uncle, after he had paused long enough to find speech, "here is some mistake in this matter!"

Now, it is a principle of physics, that an exhausted receiver is the worst thing in the world to make a draught upon. The mill-dam was like a bank that had paid out all its specie; and, consequently could not bear the run made upon it by the big wheel, which, in turn, having lost its credit, stopped payment with that hideous yell that wrought such a shock upon the nerves of my grand uncle.

In vain did the old gentleman ransack the stores of his philosophy, to come at this principle. He studied the case for half an hour, examined the dam in every part, and was exceedingly perplexed.—"Those rascals of muskrats have been at work," said he. So, the examination was conducted to this point; but not a hole could be found. "The soil is a porous, open, filtrating kind of soil," said the old gentleman.

"It seems to me, master," said an arch looking negro, who was gaping over the flood-gate upon the muddy waste, "that the mill's run out of water."

"Who asked you for your opinion, you scoundrel?" said my grand uncle in a great fury,—for he was now beginning to fret,—"get out of my sight, and hold your tongue!"

"The fellow is right," said the miller, "we have worked out the water, that's clear!"

"It's a two hour mill," added the negro, in a voice scarcely audible, taking the risk of my grand uncle's displeasure, and grinning saucily but good-humouredly, as he spoke.

It is said that my grand uncle looked up at the black with the most awful face he ever put on in his life. It was blood-red with anger. But, bethinking himself for a moment, he remained silent, as if to subdue his temper.

There was something, however, in the simple observation of the negro, that responded exactly to my grand uncle's secret thoughts: and some such conviction rising upon his mind, gradually lent its aid to smother his wrath. How could he beat the poor fellow for speaking the truth? It was,—and he now saw it was written in characters that could not be mistaken,—it was, after all his trouble, and expense, and fond anticipations, "a two-hour-mill."

"Stop the mill," said my grand uncle, turning round, and speaking in the mildest voice to the miller, "stop the mill; we shall discontinue our work for to-day."

"Squire," replied the miller, "the mill has been as silent as a church for the last hour."

"True," said my grand uncle, recollecting himself; "come Walter, we will mount our horses and think over this matter when we get home. It is very extraordinary! Why did'nt I foresee this? Never mind, we will have water enough there to-morrow, my boy!"

He slowly went to the fence corner, and untied his horse, and got upon his saddle as leisurely as if he had been at a funeral. Walter mounted his, and they both rode homeward at a walk; my grand uncle whistling Malbrook all the way in an under key, and swinging his cane round and round by the tassel.

It fortunately happened that a tolerably wet season followed this first experiment of the mill. But with all the advantages of frequent rains, the mortifying truth became every day more apparent, that my grand uncle's schemes of accommodating the neighborhood with a convenient resort for grinding their corn, were destined to be fortified, in the larger share of its usefulness, by that physical phenomenon which was disclosed to him on the first day of his operations; to wit, that his capacious reservoir was emptied in a much more rapid ratio than it was filled. It was like a profligate spendthrift whose prodigality exceeded his income. The consequence was that the mill was obliged to submit to the destiny of working from one to two hours in the morning, and then to stop for the rest of the day, except in the very wet weather of the spring, (and then there was no great supply of corn,) in order, by the most careful husbandry, to wring from the reluctant little water-course a sufficient fund for the next day's employment.

This was a serious loss to the country around; for my grand uncle had talked so much about his projects, and extolled his benefaction so largely, that the people had laid out their accounts to take all their grist to his mill. They came there, all through the summer, in crowds; and nothing was more common than to see a dozen ruminative old horses, with as many little bare-legged negroes astride upon them, with the large canvass mill-bags spread out for saddles, all collected of a morning round the mill door, each waiting for his turn to get his sack filled. Sometimes these monkeys were fast asleep for hours on their steeds; and sometimes they made great confusion about the premises with their wild shouts, and screams, and rough-and-tumble fights in which they were often engaged. But it invariably fell out that at least half were disappointed of their errands, and were obliged to attend the next day. In the dry spells the mill stopped altogether. These things gave great dissatisfaction to the neighborhood, and many good customers abandoned the mill entirely. I am told, also, that the old gentleman was singularly unfortunate in his choice of a miller. He had a great giant of a fellow in that station, who was remarkable for a hard-favored, knotty, red head, and a particular quarrelsome temper. So that it often happened, when the neighbors expostulated in rather too severe terms against the difficulty of getting their corn ground, this functionary, who was a little of the mould of the ancient miller in the mother country, made but few words of it, and gave the remonstrants a sound threshing, by way of bringing them to reason.—Then again, the dam formed a large pestilent lake, and, by its frequent exposure of the bottom to the sun, engendered foul vapours that made the country, in the autumn, very unhealthy.

These circumstances, in process of time, worked sadly to the disparagement of my grand uncle's profits, and set the people to talking in harsh terms against his whole undertaking. They said the worst thing they could of it. "That it was a blasted thing, dergust mill, and not worth a man's while to fool along about it with his corn, as long as he could get it ground any where else, if it was ten miles off."

In process of time, the miller was turned away; and then the machinery got out of order, and my grand uncle would not repair; and so the mill came to a dead halt. Following the course of nature, too, the dam began to manifest symptoms of premature old age. First, the upper beams decayed by the action of the sun upon them; after these, the lower parts of the structure broke loose. But what with drift wood, and leaves, and rubbish, the mound which constituted the breastwork remained sufficiently firm to support the pond for some years.—It was a famous place for black snakes and sun fish in the summer, and wild ducks in winter. All this time the stream found a vent through an opening that had been worn in the breastwork; and, consequently, the race had become entirely dry, and grown over with grass.

Year after year the surface of the pond grew gradually less. It retreated slowly from its former edge, and became narrower. At length, at the breaking up of one unusually boisterous, wet and surly winter, there came on, in the month of March, a week of heavy and incessant rain. This celebrated week closed with one of the most furious tempests ever remembered in that part of the country. The heavens poured down their wrath upon the incontinent mill-dam: the winds rushed, with a confounding energy, over this desolate tract, driving the waters before them in torrents; and away went the rickety old breastwork, with all the imprisoned pool behind it.

The next morning the tempest subsided. The sun smiled again over the chaly scene; and there was the flaunting and affrighted little Apple-pie, in all its former insignificance. Not a trace of the breastwork was left; and there was to be seen the foul and slimy bed of the mill pond, exposed in shocking nakedness to the eye. Long green tresses of weed, covered with the velvet of many years accumulation beneath the surface of the water, lay strewed about, wherever any stubborn shrub occurred to arrest their passage; huge trunks of trees, moss-grown and rotten, were imbedded upon the muddy surface; briers, leaves and other vegetable wrecks were banked up on each other in various forms, mingled, here and there, with the battered and shapeless carcasses of the smaller vermin that frequented the pond. The wind swept with a brisk and whistling speed over the damp bottom, and visited, with a wintry rigour, the shivering spectators whom curiosity had attracted to witness the ravages of the night; but, in the midst of all, the feeble and narrow Apple-pie shot hastily along, with a turbid stream, pursuing his course through, under, and around the collected impediments in his path, as near as possible in the very same channel which, ten or fifteen years before, he had been wont to inhabit; as if unconscious that this disturbance in the face of nature could be attributed, in the slightest degree, to such an inefficient and trifling imp as himself; by no means an unimpressive type of the confusion and riot which the most sordid and paltry passions may produce in the moral world, when suffered to gather up and gangrene in the system.

New-York TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, August 31, 1833.

FALL RACES.

Since our notice of the Fall Races which appears on our first page, was put in type, we have seen a letter from Col. Johnson confirming what we there state, that *Shark* and *Jessup* will meet in the sweepstakes of $500 entrance—two mile heats. The gallant Colonel also enters the fine colt,—full brother to "*Herr Cline*." This stake is thus certain of becoming a very splendid affair, and must afford great sport to the lovers of a good race.

The entry so far known, stands thus:—*Shark*—the victor of Malts:—*Monmouth*—who beat *Charles Kemble* in a match this spring:—the *full brother to Herr Cline*—Herr Cline was sold for $1000—Major Jones's colt—who won the great Poughkeepsie stakes this spring:—and Col. Johnson's Match colt *Jessup*—by Medley, out of Betsy Robinson.

THE PLAYERS AND THE POSTMASTER.

We are happy to find by the annexed extract from the Transcript that Capt. Barrett and his independent Company, have gotten themselves clear of the snarl which threatened to pinch them somewhat uncomfortably. Post Master Case seems a second *Collyer* in this persecution of the stage, which has set all Lowell in an uproar, but if the offence of the actors was "being, idle and disorderly," according to the Statutes, has not the worthy Post Master, like those who shout for "silence" in a crowd, in some sort created the very disorder he complains of?—for we learn that during the whole time of this dispute, Industry held her hand. The very water courses were still as standing Pools, and the Jennies became like lilies of the valley "who toil not, neither do they spin."

But happily for the preservation of Lowell, and the salvation of the Cotton Trade, the war is now over, the Belligerents are at peace, according to the treaty mentioned in the following Bulletin.

We learn from Lowell that the examination of Andrews was concluded on Thursday, and that he was bound over in the penal sum of $250, with one security, for the same amount, "*to appear*" at Concord on the second Monday in September next.—In the case of Barrett, Williamson, and Smith, we have not learnt the decision of the Court, but presume they are in for it.

The manager has determined to close the theatre after Monday night next, when *Master Burke* will give a Grand Concert, being his first (and last?) appearance in the town of Lowell."

An accommodating Parson.—The first Sunday after the "three days" at Paris, a Curate performing service at a church in the environs of that city, began, as usual, to chant the prayer for the king—'*Domine, salvum fac regem*;' but, as soon as he arrived at *fac*, he stopped short. After a pause he began again, in a loud voice, and pronounced, '*Domine, salvum fac le Gouvernement Provisoire*, to the great amusement of the congregation.

The Red House.—Mr. James Davis, as worthy a host as ever drew a cork or welcomed a guest,—has opened this neat and comfortable establishment near Niblo's Garden. To any one wishing to pass an idle hour agreeably, this house offers many inducements:—the means of amusement are there in abundance, either in a quiet game of billiards, or in social converse. Choice spirits assemble in front of the bar as well as behind it,—men of wit and information abounding with sportive jokes and sporting tales,—and a host whose intelligence as a man, is only equalled by his courtesy as a landlord.

VAUXHALL GARDEN.

Among the many resorts of pleasure which at present divide the attention of our citizens, the flowers, and bowers, of Vauxhall should not be forgotten. To the toil worn trader, who has been the live long week, up to his eyes in bales, boxes, and invoices, a visit to this Eden blooming in a "wilderness," as Byron calls a populous city, must be peculiarly delightful: for in its fragrant shades he may realise every thing that his brightest fancy can picture of Arcadian bowers, and as he contrasts them with the long hot lofts of his own busy warehouses, they will seem to acquire even a double beauty. The proprietor spares neither labor, or expense, to render his retreat worthy the generous patronage it receives, which may be attested by all who will do themselves and him the pleasure of attending his Oratorio on next Sunday Evening.

The Hall of Industry is now open at the Marble Buildings, Broadway, and affords a very delightful treat to all ages and sexes. The beauty and excellence of the Machinery—together with the peculiarity of seeing the labor of Dogs applied to such a multiplicity of purposes, are singular specimens of the great ingenuity which Morgan has displayed as a mechanic. We strongly recommend every one to witness this singularly beautiful exhibition.

The Concert at Niblo's on Thursday evening, was a very brilliant affair:—Mad'e Feron was in excellent voice, and Mrs. Austin "warbled her native wood notes wild" in Ariel's song from the Tempest very delightfully. Mr. Keene was warmly received on his second appearance since his return to this Country, and sang his song "here's a health to thee, Tom Moore," with great taste and expression. Signor Orlandi went through La A: B: C in English very well indeed, for his first attempt. The "laughing terzetto" was delightful, and sent away the crowd as solded there in the highest state of enjoyment. We very much regret to observe this advertised as the last night of these charming Concerts.

THREE DAYS BIOGRAPHY OF A BLACK AND WHITE STRAW HAT.

Sirs,—Secrecy is the bond of confidence, and therefore, I invariably tell my distresses to an Editor. Now, Gentlemen, I am at present in dolor and grief, and the cause of all my irremediable misery is a pie-bald hat. Yes indeed! a pie-bald hat! It is not like Joseph's coat "of many colors," but simply a black and white, alternating the two with mathematical precision like a chess board,—like a magpie,—like day and night,—or thunder and lightning,—or like any other "most unsavory simile." It was *born* in Boston, and brought up—by the Benjamin Franklin! Thus tranquilly passed the two first days of its existence,—but observe the third! *three*, was always an ominous number! This was the first straw hat that I had ever worn, so I took it into Broadway to treat it with a peep at our Belles, and them with a sight of its bow. I met a fair friend who smiled approvingly on me and my hat. I rose at least two inches in my own estimation, and my hat full three cents in value, for I no longer conceived it dear at twelve shillings and four pence halfpenny—Eastern Currency. "Are you smiling at my newly imported hat? I dare say it makes a great difference in my appearance!" "Why, certainly I never saw you look so light headed before!" "Oh! you Ladies have such an agreeable way of saying a civil thing!" I felt pretty sure my hat had made an impression already,—and so it proved,—for it was scarcely replaced on my head, after a most grateful and graceful bow to my fair complimenter, when a stranger, dressed at all points, but wanting the new chequer hat to complete his costume, cast a longing lingering look at mine. At length he came up, and without a syllable of preface, (you know a perfect gentleman uses no superfluous words) he very coolly said, "that's a very nice hat!" "You make me proud, sir!" "I should like such a one myself! Who made it? What did you give for it? Where did you get it? and can you get one for me?" I thought these questions somewhat abrupt, but the compliment to the hat did away with all unpleasantry, and making him a low bow, I ingeniously contrived thereby to shew the Maker's name inside, and the price marked with a trade-mark-like brand in the corner. This little piece of ceremony took place near a scaffolding on the west side of Broadway while an Irish Hodman was ascending with his supply of mortar, but being monstrously tickled with my hat, he neglected his own hod, when down came half its contents on the top of my head, as tho' about to take a cast of my pericranium for the edification of phrenologists. Sirs, I never was served so unhandsomely but once before in my life, and that was on witnessing the exhibition of a *predecessor* of Saubert the present King of the Conjurors, when the professor of legerdemain broke divers eggs into his hat, and after beating them up into an omelet, at least to all appearance, he did so, he presented his chapeau as free from culinary soil as my new bit of *Black* and white before it had been pounded in this mortar. Doubting the possibility of this, I proffered my own hat for the experiment; it proceeded as before only with more reality, and when complete, he thrust it on my head,—when—Oh! la, you never saw such an egregious mess in your lives. My beloved hat was now becoming somewhat too remarkable! I heard a person walking by my side, telling the anecdote that Brummell refused an introduction to a certain Earl because he wore a straw hat, alledging that none but fools and clowns thought it necessary to *thatch* their brains. This he no doubt thought an excellent joke,—but I thought over the lawyer's sentiment—"may the difference of opinion never alter!" I began to get a little out of conceit with my new roof, for the hot sun darting full upon the top of the porous straw made my head ache as though it had stood a hour in the pillory. A shower of rain refreshed me for a few moments, but in a few more my fashionable straw was soaked through and through, and limber as a wet rag. All this I thought might have been avoided had I worn my customary Beaver,—but then it was so pleasant to set a new fashion! Driven by stress of weather into a neighboring hotel, my pet was dried and furbished up, while I solaced myself with my steak and port, and thus regained some of my usual placidity. Now be it known unto you Gentlemen Editors, that opposite and proximate to the outer door there stands or stood a stall full of divers peaches and sundry apples for the exercise and amusement of the "children of larger growth" who luxuriate with segars and slip slop on the stoops of all our hotels. An intimate friend of mine, struck with the novelty of my hat, begged it to sport awhile at the door, while I took, like Falstaff, "mine ease in mine inn." In a few minutes I heard the "darndest racket" outside, and fearing for the safety of my favorite hat rushed forth,—met my friend as rapidly coming in, and to my momentary joy recovered my treasure. But oh! sad fate! on going to the door to see what was the matter, the harridan of the fruit stall seized me by the collar, charged me with kicking over all her goods and chattels, and demanded five dollars for damage done. In vain I vowed and protested my innocence—nothing short of the money would satisfy her or the policeman, because, forsooth she would swear to me on her bible oath, as she knew me by my black and white flower pot hat!

Paying two dollars for my straw, and five for the damage, made my pet hat *doubly dear* to me,—and so to avoid the quizzing of my friends in doors, I sallied out. But Fate had marked this a black Monday; for while I was gallanting a party of ladies along, the wind blew off my little hat. Away it went, and I after it, for it was too light to stop while there was a breath of air as strong as a sigh. But this was not all. The ladies too had a pet, a little d— lap dog, who outfaced me,—snatched my hat up in his mouth, and bounded along Broadway with it to the infinite amusement of the bye-standers—and myself, of course. I quickened my pace, and he, too—evidently delighted at seeing me carracolling after him,—but finding I gained on him, he ran off the pavement, dropped it in the middle of the road, where the four horses and four wheels of the "Red Rover" Omnibus trampled it into something a little worse than a dishclout—while I stood bareheaded in the middle of Broadway, the laugh of my friends and the jeer of my hat, and with no alternative but to drive home in the Omnibus which had done me this grievous harm. I called on my friend and Hatter Charley St. John, to supply my loss, told him my tale of woes, as I now tell you, in hopes he would take a dollar or two from his price—but alas! he was obdurate! he couldn't see what claim my misfortunes gave me on him—such is the hardness of Tradesmen's hearts—and though I acknowledge him the best of hat-makers, he made me plank down my two dollars and a half more. So that my '*three days*' of Straw Hat have cost me nine dollars, fifty-six and a quarter cents, besides a world of laughter and an eternity of quizzing. Young Men! Beware of a black and white Straw Hat.

Commercial Enterprise.—During the domination of Buonaparte, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton-twist, &c. were sent by sea from London to Salonica (in European Turkey,) whence these goods were carried on horses and mules across Servia and Hungary, into the whole of Germany, and even into France; so that the goods were consumed at Calais, coming from England, only seven leagues distant, which goods had made a circuit equivalent, as far as expense went, to a voyage twice round the world!

ROBBING A BEGGAR.

This is the very improper caption of an article in the Baltimore Visiter, touching the which we have a few words to bestow upon that refractory paper. We say improper; and for two reasons; firstly, it is very far from genteel; it conveys to the sensitive mind unsavory notions of crime, pilfering, peccadillo, &c. with the concomitant images of trials, lawyers, dungeons, treadmills, and penitentiaries; also of rogues, shoplifters and vagabonds of sundry descriptions; all which is unpleasant in the extreme both to the moral and physical sense of propriety. Secondly it imports, as the gentlemen of the bar say, not absolute verity, but an absolute lack of the same. The Visiter has indeed committed a larceny of our possessions, and so far there is truth in the term "Robbing"; but we cannot with justice be called a Beggar, inasmuch as the chattel whereof we were despoiled was our own, lawfully reduced into possession, and not bestowed upon us in charity by any person or persons, known or unknown. Wherefore we say that the Visiter has descended plump into a mistake, much to our detriment and its own loss of character.

Having thus disposed of the head, we come now to the body; and here we find matter for just reproof in the very first line. It is a sin against all the canons of editorial rectitude, this naming of names between gentlemen of the quill and the scissors. We are not Fisher, or Smith, or Tompkins, or Tomlinson; we are the New York Traveller, and it is indecorous in the extreme, to call us in question by any other appellative. We mention this fact thus explicitly for the enlightenment of the Visiter, trusting that henceforth we shall find in its columns no cause for solemn rebuke on the like score. But again: the Visiter says that our charge against him was *scaly*; we have an idea and no more, touching the signification of this word; it is a slang term for something or other, and no matter what; but slang is excessively ungenteel, and should never appear in any respectable journal.—Wherefore, oh Visiter, let us intreat you to sully your columns no more with such equivocal, and ungentlemanlike epithets. Leave them to —— and ——, and to the political squibbers. Good society brands them at once with its deepest cut stamp of disapprobation. And now Visiter, we have expended our charge of reproof, and are ready to enter upon the discussion of your defence.—We will take up your arguments, inconsequent as they are, *seriatim*. Your first position is clearly untenable; you copied the article from another paper, not credited. Why did'nt you credit *that* paper then? In that case the sin would lie at his door and not yours; as it is, you have convicted yourself of the larceny, with this only difference that you thought you were cribbing from somebody and it turns out that you were in fact cribbing from some *other* body; to wit, us. Secondly, you propound a grave query slily throwing a shade of impeachment over the joke market of Gotham; insinuating that it is flat and dull, since editors quarrel about a bad pun.—Why Visitor, what the plague could they quarrel about, with more wisdom? We tell you that puns are the spice of this world; not the salt merely, but the pepper, and the mustard, and the cayenne, and the soy, and the mushroon catsup, (not Ketchup, visitor; that's not the right way to spell it;) of life. If we ever quarrelled at all, it would be for a conundrum, or as you call it, a pun; but we never do quarrel; it's ungenteel, and very exciting; puts a man in a heat, and hurts his digestion; makes him red in the face, and plays the deuce with his appetite; therefore we never quarrel. We never dreamed of quarrelling with you, man; we are always in a good humor; see how cool and pleasant we are at this moment! There's a blue bottle fly has been buzzing about our nose for the last three minutes and three quarters, and we have not even thought of smiting him down with a French oath—which is nothing you know—swearing do'nt count unless it is done in plain English.

Lastly, Visiter; you say that conundrums are dog-cheap in your city; likely enough; and so are black berries here; but what are they good for? Let's look at your sample; if they are good for a laugh, we stand ready to trade; but do'nt think to come over us with your horn gun flints—

Come man, unbutton your jacket, and give us a peep at your ware.

Why is a mouse like a haystack?—Because *the cat'll eat it.*

Old as the hills; Keeley committed that, the third time he played Billy Black, about six years ago, more or less.

Why is the vane of St. Paul's Church like the Catskill House?—Because it's a top of a *steeple* (steep hill.)

New, for any thing we know; but not laughable, and therefore we'll none of it. Could any man in his senses think for a moment of gigling at such a dull morsel as that?

When is the fifteenth letter in the alphabet most like Dr. Scudder's harpoon?—When it's sluggish, for then it's a *torpid o* (torpedo.)

Better, but not much. We can't deal with you if you've nothing more racy than this.

When is music most warlike?—When it's the *music of the spears.*

Why is a celebrated Italian composer like a fiddle-bow?—Because he's *Rosiny* (Rossini.)

Both old, and both bad.

Why is Louis Philippe of France like a diseased tooth?—Because he's *a-king* (aching.)

Good, but none of your perpetrating; we've heard it some thousands of times, and with all sorts of King's names; there's nothing new about it except the Louis Philippe, and that won't pass muster.

Why does a mad-man never want for company?—Because he's always *beside himself.*

Joe Miller forever. Look at page 297 of the 19th edition.

Why is a cross-eyed man not entitled to a vote?—Because he is not *natural-eyes'd.*

Why is Black Hawk like a miller's bag?—Because he's a *Sac.*

Pretty fair these; that is for you, but they won't do for us. We can't trade if you've nothing better to offer.

The late Earl of Bridgewater.—A Paris paper, the Journal des Voyageurs, states that this eccentric nobleman, had at the time of his death, his house nearly filled with dogs and cats, which he had picked up at different places. Of the fifteen dogs which he kept, two were admitted to the honours of his table, and the whole of them were frequently dressed up in clothes like human beings. In his last days, when so debilitated as to be unable to leave his own grounds, he is said to have adopted a strange substitute for the sports of the field, to which he had been addicted. In the garden at the back of his house there were placed about 300 rabbits, and as many pigeons and partridges, whose wings had been cut. Provided with a gun, and supported by servants, the infirm earl would enter the garden and shoot two or three head of game, to be afterwards put upon the table as his sporting trophies!

Honesty in Switzerland.—It is customary in the canton Wallis, for those who have found any thing lost, even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the churchyard; and there is not an example on record, of any object being taken away except by the rightful owner.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

The Cock-chafer.—In the year 1688, the Cock-chafers appeared on the hedges and trees of the south-west coast of the county of Galway, in clusters of thousands, clinging to each other's backs, in the manner of bees when they swarm. During the day they continued quiet, but towards sunset the whole were in motion; and the humming noise of their wings sounded like distant drums. Their numbers were so great, that, for the space of two or three square miles, they entirely darkened the air. Persons travelling on the roads, or who were abroad in the fields, found it difficult to make their way home, as the insects were continually beating against their faces, and occasioning great pain. In a very short time, the leaves of all the trees, for several miles round, were destroyed, leaving the whole country, though it was near midsummer, as naked and desolate as it would have been in the middle of winter. The noise which these enormous swarms made in seizing and devouring the leaves, was so loud as to have been compared to the distant sawing of timber. Swine and poultry destroyed them in vast numbers. These waited under the trees for clusters dropping, and devoured such swarms as to become fat on them alone. Even the native Irish, from the insects having eaten up the whole produce of the ground, adopted a mode of cooking them, and used them as food. Towards the end of summer they disappeared so suddenly, that, in a few days, there was not a single one left.

The Death-Watch.—Notwithstanding its smallness, this creature is often the cause of serious alarm among the superstitious, from the noise which it makes at a certain season of the year, resembling the ticking of a watch. From this it has its name; for, whenever this faculty is exerted, it is esteemed portentive of death to some one of the family in the house where it is heard. The philosopher and the naturalist may smile at a notion thus absurd; yet Sir Thomas Brown has remarked, with great earnestness, that the man, "who could eradicate this error from the minds of the people, would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers."

The wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell.
The solemn Death-watch click'd the hour she died.

It is generally in the advanced state of spring, that these insects commence their noise. This is nothing more than a call or signal, by which they are mutually attracted to each other; and it may be considered as analogous to the call of birds. It is not occasioned by the voice, but by the insect's beating on any hard substance with the shield or forepart of its head. The general number of successive distinct strokes, is from seven to nine or eleven. These are given in tolerably quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals; and in old houses, where the insects are numerous, they may be heard during warm weather almost every hour in the day. The noise exactly resembles that made by beating with a nail upon the table.

The idea of taming this little animal may appear absurd; it has, however, been so much familiarized, as to be made to beat occasionally. On taking it out of its confinement, and beating with the nail or the point of a pen on a table or board, it will answer the beats very readily, and will even continue to repeat its efforts as long as it is required.

Dr. Derham kept a male and female together in a box for about three weeks; and, by imitating their noise, he made them beat whenever he pleased. At the end of this time one of them died; and soon afterwards the other gnawed its way out and escaped.

The Bombardier.—This insect conceals itself among stones, and seems to make but little use of its wings. When it moves it is by a sort of jump; and, when it is touched, we are surprised with a noise resembling the discharge of a musket in miniature, during which a blue smoke may be seen to proceed from its extremity. The insect may at any time be made to play off its artillery, by scratching its back with a needle. If we may believe Rolander, who first made these observations, it can give twenty discharges successively. A bladder, placed near its posterior extremity, is the arsenal that contains its store. This is its chief defence against its enemies; and the vapor or liquid that proceeds from it is of so pungent a nature, that, if it happens to be discharged into the eyes, it makes them smart as though brandy had been thrown into them. The principal enemy of the Bombardier is another insect of the same tribe, but three or four times its size. When pursued and fatigued, the Bombardier has recourse to this stratagem; he lies down in the path of his enemy, who advances with open mouth to seize him; but, on the discharge of the artillery, the enemy suddenly draws back, and remains for a while confused, during which the Bombardier conceals himself in some neighboring crevice; but, if not lucky enough to find one, the other returns to the attack, takes the insect by the head, and tears it off.

The Tortoise Shell Butterfly.—These insects, soon after their enlargement from the chrysalid state, discharge a few drops of reddish fluid, which, in places where they have been in great numbers, have had the appearance of a *shower of blood*, and been recorded by writers as the forerunner of some extraordinary event. The first discovery of this circumstance, that has been recorded, is related by M. de Reaumur. He says, that in the beginning of July, 1608, the people of the town of Aix were in the utmost alarm, from what they thought a shower of blood, that had just fallen in the suburbs, and for some miles round the place. M. de Peiresc, a philosopher, who, among other kinds of knowledge, had not neglected that of the operation and economy of insects, was consulted on the subject. He found the walls of a church-yard near the place, and the walls of several small villages in the neighborhood, to be spotted with large drops of a blood-coloured liquid. A little time before this, he had happened to pick up a large and beautiful chrysalis, which he had carefully laid in a box. Immediately after its transformation into the butterfly state, he remarked that it had left a large drop of a blood-coloured liquor on the bottom of the box. The red stains on the walls, on stones near the highways and in the fields, were found to be perfectly similar to that left on the bottom of the box. M. de Peiresc now no longer hesitated to pronounce, that all those blood-coloured stains, wherever they appeared, proceeded from the same cause. The prodigious number of butterflies, which he, at the same time, saw flying in the air confirmed his original idea. He likewise observed that the drops of the miraculous rain were never found in the middle of the town; that they appeared only in places bordering upon the country; and that they never fell upon the tops of houses, or upon walls more elevated than the height to which butterflies generally rise. What M. de Peiresc himself saw, he showed to many persons of knowledge or of curiosity, and established, as an incontestable fact, that the pretended drops of blood were in reality but drops of a red liquid deposited there by butterflies. It is also deserving of remark, that all the showers of blood that have been recorded to have happened, took place in the warm seasons of the year, when the butterflies are most numerous.

A Dutchman's Climax of Happiness.—It is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie down than to sit; it is better to sleep than to lie down; it is better to die than to sleep.

THE DRAMA.

The Park Theatre opened for the season on Wednesday evening, and if there is any truth in the old saw "well begun is half done" it was the commencement of a most prosperous season. The opening of a theatrical Campaign always gives rise to a thousand rumours, hopes and expectations and this season has been most prolific in them, tho' for the most part they are so utterly absurd that even to notice them would be giving them an importance their merits won't [illegible] does not merit.

One of the Wise Men of Gotham gravely asks thro' a Morning Paper,—why do not the Managers publish the names of their Stock Company?—we answer him, (as the worthy Editor he addresses is uncertain on the point,) that it is not the practice of the Theatre to do so. He farther asks "who are to support the Woods?"—The same who supported Mrs. Austin and Miss Hughes. And he then "understands that Mr Jones and Mrs. Sharpe are going about starring it." We beg to inform him the lady played the night before his questions were published, and Mr. Jones is still engaged at this Theatre as heretofore.

The new Farce of the "Irish Ambassadors,"—"Teddy the Tiler," and Petticoat Government formed the bill for the opening night. The two first were for the purpose of introducing Mr. Power to the notice of our citizens, and we feel much pleasure in recording that the introduction met with a warm and hearty welcome. The House was crowded in every part and the enthusiastic plaudits that attended his entrance did not subside for many minutes. Indeed the kind welcome was extended by the audience to all their old favorites, and sufficiently marked the estimation in which they held those whose lives are a continued series of endeavors to please. Mr. Power is the best representative of a certain line of Irish Character that has been on the stage for some years. His person is well formed and agreeable, and his voice tho' weak, is mellow and sufficiently touched with the melody of the brogue. His deportment is gentlemanly in the extreme, and his manner easy varied, and pleasant,—for in the ambassadors he brought the habits of the Drawing Room on to the stage, and in the Tiler, the fashions of the roof were rendered agreeable even in the Drawing Room. The farce of the Irish Ambassador is a translation by Kenney from the French.—"Diplomat,"—and Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, introduced by the author instead of the original French victim—has been worked up by the Actor into a most laughter provoking specimen of Irish blundering. His story is very brief, —searching for illustrations of picturesque costume he stumbles into the midst of political intrigues in a German Court—is unconsciously made the pivot on which the whole machinery turns,—every event good or ill seems to spring from his agency—and he is alternately spurned by the lover, complimented by her sire,—abused by an unsuccessful diplomatist in good set terms, and alternately has his arms almost shaken off in congratulations from all parties for acts of his of which he remains in profound ignorance, even at the dropping of the curtain.

These various embarrassments were delineated by Mr. Power with a vast deal of neatness and wiam,—and roars of laughter attended them from the beginning to the end of the Farce. Mr. Power has made a decided hit, and we anticipate much pleasure from his future performances.

On Thursday evening, the Irish Ambassador was repeated together with the Irish Tutor and the Chimney Piece,—the House was quite full, and all seemed delighted with the performances. In Doctor O'Toole, Mr. Power introduced the celebrated Irish song called the "Groves of Blarney,"—which tickled his auditors amazingly,—for he sang it with much taste and humour.

Coleman's Comedy of "John Bull," was presented last night,—but it was too late in concluding, for us to give any account of its performance.

On Monday the 9th September, the charming Mrs. Wood will begin her enchantments in the magic opera of Cinderella. Those who have not heard her, have a treat in store, which their utmost anticipations cannot realize,—and those who have, know full well what they shall experience in the renewed enjoyment of that skill which has long been the admiration of the most accomplished Musical Societies in the Old World. The excellence of this lovely musician is as varied as it is unquestioned,—and the severest critic must fail to prove in which she most excels,—in the simple Ballad which touches the heart by its pathos and expression,—or in the brilliant bravura that challenges the nicest judgement by its skill and power.

Mr. Wood who is an exceedingly fine young man and possesses a voice of great sweetness, and considerable cultivation,—will appear as the Prince in the same opera, and the combined talents of the two will give to this favorite production a new, and re-invigorated life.

Mr. W. Taylor has resigned his post as leader of the Band from ill health,—and Mr. Pearson,—who has been for years the leader of the Orchestra at Dublin, is engaged to supply his place.

NATIONAL TASTES RESPECTING ANIMAL FOOD.

Everything that moves in earth, air, or sea, is devoured by man. In some valleys of the Alps the rearing of snails is carried on as a trade, and in the month of September, they are sent down the Danube to Vienna and Hungary, where they are sold as an article of luxurious food. In South America nothing in the shape of life comes wrong to them—they eat serpents, lizards, and mice; and Humboldt has seen children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes, and crunch them up. At Emeraldi their delicate morceau is a roasted monkey. Puppies, on the Missouri and Mississippi, are choice food. Horse-flesh in Arabia; elephants' flesh in India; camels' flesh in Egypt. The Pariahs of Hindostan contend for putrid carrion with dogs, vultures, and kites. The Chinese devour cats, dogs, rats and serpents; bears' paws, birds' nests, and sea-slugs, are dainty bits. The inhabitants of Cochin China prefer rotten eggs to fresh. The Tonquinese and inhabitants of Madagascar prefer locusts to the finest fish. In Austria a good fat gull would be preferred to everything else; and in the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm is esteemed a luxury; while the edible nests of the Java swallow are so rich a dish that the ingredients of the dish will cost 15l. The quantity of frogs eaten on the Continent is immense. At Terracina the host asks his guest whether he prefers the eel of the hedge or that of the river. The astronomer De la Lande was remarkably fond of spiders. Great Britain even transcends her continental neighbors. The "bravy" of Scotland is putrid mutton, the sheep having died in the field; game and venison is seldom relished till "high," or, in honest language, till it is a mass of putrefaction, disengaging in abundance one of the most septic poisons the chemist knows—in numerous cases it is a mass of life and motion—the off-spring of putridity. Pigs are still whipped to death; lobsters are boiled alive; cod are crimped; eels are skinned, writhing in agony; hares are hunted to death, and *white* veal is the great luxury.

POSTAGE TO CANADA.

The Kingston (U. C.) Chronicle copies the Post office department notice requiring the postage on all papers to Canada and the provinces to be paid in advance at the office where mailed, or at the frontier, with the following observations. "We should be glad to find the Chronicle right in its supposition, for the new arrangement puts us to charges to the amount of some goodly number of Dollars.—We hope the New York Editors will inform us who it was that communicated to the United States Post Office the information that "the Postmasters in British North America have been instructed not to collect, nor to be accountable" to that office "for the postage on newspapers sent by mail from the United States into the British Provinces." Directly on reading the above Circular, we applied to the Postmaster of this town, to inquire the purport of it, when we were informed that no such instructions as those alluded to in the circular had been received at the Kingston Post Office, nor was it believed that any had been given to any Post Office in the Canadas! The Postmaster General of the United States has therefore been very wrongly informed, perhaps by interested individuals.

A WORD OR TWO OF THE BIRTH AND MARRIAGE OF ONE BARNEY FAGAN.

It was midnight!—the heavens thundered, and the rain fell,—my father was kicked out of doors by the ladies,—the midwife's lap-dog barked,—the clock struck, Mrs. Rustyphig sneezed, and I was popped into the world.

After such a multitude of mysteries about the birth, it is natural to suppose there was something very wonderful in the baby: and indeed, my first appearance in town put the rivet in this entirely, for no sooner did Mrs. Mc Sudier put her fingers into my mouth to feel in what condition my gums were to receive a coral, than she gave a shriek that might have softened the heart of a tax-gatherer at his third time of calling, and immediately bared her astonished digits to the company, each as bloody as the end of Macbeth's dagger.

"A miracle, a downright miracle!" shouted the midwife, who in the whirl of her amazement, emptied a very sublime decoction, she had just prepared, into Mrs. O'Flanegan's lap; being the first time she ever was known to make that use of a brandy sling. Mrs. O'Flanagan screamed, and so did the midwife; but all the noise they could make, was of no service in doing away the fact, that my jaws were already equipped with a very respectable double row of buck teeth, and as has been seen already, a natural genius for using them to advantage.

"Ill weeds thrive apace," says one of my mother's gossips, aside, and winking to her neighbor.

"The devil a use he'll have of a crab claw for a teething bone any way," whispers another.

"Tis a born beauty he is "without a doubt, simpers a third, and the very image of his father, God bless him:" (by the way, my father was notoriously the ugliest man in three parishes.") In short every one had something or other to say on the subject, until at last, growing tired of their compliments, I fell into a sleep, which kept one busy enough dreaming about sugar plumbs until cock crew, and such was the evening and the morning of the first day."

If we pass over the rap I gave my little brother Tim on the head with the ladle, for calling me *Bonypart*, in reference to my mouthful of grinders, and a few other little etceteras in the same line, nothing of any importance occurred till the christening; an event that took place in the third day after my first salam. During the earlier part of the ceremony, I lay quiet as possible; entirely wrapt up in the beauty of my red shoes and white stockings, but no sooner did Father Kennedy begin to sprinkle my countenance, than I gave a kick and a roar, the like of which have not been heard in the chapel of Balina from that day to this. "Och its your ravirince that has druv the divil out of him intirely, with the bleslit wather," says old Shelah Delany, "for if I have any skill in the matther, and to be shure its myself that should, seeing I'm the seventh daughther of the seventh daughther, that screetch we heard was no screetch at all, but the evelone on his passage out, and at the pitch of his voice bidding a sweet bad luck to us all in broken Irish.

Of my earlier boyhood my memory is a mere blank, but there's not a letter effaced from it, touching the time I was under the tuition of the parish school-master. The progress I made with him however was only so so, for which he was constantly excusing himself, "Barney you villain" he would often say to me, "no matter what road you choose to take in the world, there's little danger of your being fettered down by the prejudices of genius or education, in as much, as that num-scull of yours is as hard, and as thick, as the pan crock." "But not so easily cracked, master dear." I would answer with a wink, "or sure them Iron Knuckles must have made a breach in it long since.

At twenty my education being finished I began to think of setting up for myself in the world, and looking out for a wife; my pretensions were considerable, for besides a fair proportion of the family scenes nature had showered upon me every one of the family charms. There were my father's carroty locks, my uncle Ben's snub nose, brother Tim's bandy legs, and a host of other attractions, the least of which was enough to take the eye of the best colleeag that ever kicked in the rinka, not to mention those I inherited from myself, namely, the two rows of backs already put down, and a certain way of blarneying of my own, that might have wheedled the devil out of a tithe proctor, or any girl in the world, barring Mary O'Brian of the sweet town of Kellaloo, out of herself. However, while I was putting the comhether on Mary, an maidan aunt of hers, bearing the same name, was throwing a sheep's eye at me and my twenty acres. Face which way I would in the morning going out, I was sure to find myself in the direction of Miss O'Brian's cottage before I came home, and likewise do as I might the devil a fifty yards I could ever find myself out of the neighborhood of her toad of an aunt. At last I was determined to put a nail in the business, so one night seeing Mary alone in the window enjoying the moonlight, I commenced operations.

"Who's that I see climbing over the hedge?" says Mary.

"No body at all my hearts elixer," says I, "barring the prettiest sprig of a boy, you ever clapped your two good looking eyes upon;" by this I was cheek by Jowl with her, and after receiving one of cupids arrows in my right cheek that is, the point of a huge corcor pin, while attempting to snatch a *blas thogue* for my trouble. "Get out out of this you monster" says she. "Tis come in my angel you mean" says I "for a young body always says no, when she intends yes," to be as brief as possible after about half an hours Kissing and cuffing, during which I thought I had settled the business in as much as I had come twenty times on Judys lips with the emphasis of a six pounder, and received a more than equal number of thumps on the head, and kicks in the ancles. I heard her fathers foot on the stairs; and so to save him the trouble of kicking me out of the door I jumped out of the window, and soon found myself at home all but dead from the effects of my first nights courtship.

Barney Fogan was a namesake and a cousin of mine, and according to the neighbors, a great deal a prettier boy than myself, though to be sure my mother would have got up any night in the week at twelve o'clock, to prove that the neighbors were all wrong. Of this Barney I had my own suspicions, for it was hinted about town that he and Mary O'Brian the younger, were pulling a string together under the rose. 'Twas about this I was dreaming the woolen gilt, but the next morning all my sorrow was put to the rout, by the receipt of a love letter, folded like a heart, and in the hand writing of the portiest girl in chrestendom. Day after day and week after week followed,—at least so said the almanack, but they did not appear five minutes in the life of the favored lover of Miss Mary O'Brian. Such kissing and courting, and tea parties, and presents of ribbons and breast knots, and pincushions, &c. &c. were never before known in the quiet town of Killaloo. I had even another reason for rejoicing in my triumph, besides the anticipated possession of Mary, for I knew that my cousin was heels over head in love with her, while in regard of some wicked insinuations he used to be throwing out touching my cocked nose and my bandy legs, I hated him as the devil hates an arch-bishop.

In short my happiness was all but complete, though, to be sure, by way of a damper, I now and then thought I discovered a sneer lurking about Mary's lips, which seemed to say as much, as that she was wishing a body safe to the devil. It also struck me, (though while in company together he was lately in the habit of hanging his head,) that I had more than once caught Barney the second, grinning mysteriously at me over his shoulder, but what surprised me more than all was, that for the last two months, I had seldom been annoyed by the apparition of our maiden aunt, Mary the elder.

"Mary Alana," says I to the niece one night," when are you going to put the strap into the buckle?"

"That's the very thing" says she, "that's running between me and my rest, for do you know my father is thinking of a match between me and old Grogan, the rich miller."

"O the cannibal!"

"Nothing less I assure you; so what ever we do, must be done quickly, and in the dark."

"This I joyously assented to." You have heard of course that your cousin Barney and my aunt, are to be married "*under the rose*" to morrow night?"

"No!"

"Indeed!—I thought he had entrusted you with the secret. Well, between you and me, they are, but mind it goes no farther, and so as the priest is already engaged, if you have no objection, we will kill two birds with one stone."

Here she paused to blush, and I was struck dumb with rapture.

"To prevent suspicion," she continued we will meet no more until we meet forever,—but dont forget to be in the priest's kitchen at seven o'clock. Adieu."

You may be sure the grass hadn't time to grow under Barney Fagan's feet, until he was at home and preparing for the bridal; but scarcely had I time to cut a caper or two at the glass, when somebody pushes opens the door and in walks the priest.

"Barney," says he, smiling, "your'e a nice purty boy, and a good christian, and a better warrant at paying the dues."

"What the devil can he be driving at" thinks I, for I knew all this to be a lie though it was the priest himself that told it. "Your Reverence," says I, "is very kind this morning."

"Whisht," says he, "and dont be after interrupting the Lord's annointed. Well as I wa saying, is'nt Tom O'Brian's daughter Mary, a dar lint creathure?"

"A perfect angel."

"Hout you wicked sinner, I did'nt say angel, but has'nt she a beautiful foot?"

"Like a fairy!"

"And a voice!"

"Like a nightingale."

"And an eye?"

"Like the sun."

"And lips?"

"Like honey."

"And would'nt she be worth an acre of any mans born that ever lifted a reaping hook?"

"O Yes your raverence one hundred thousand."

"Then take my word for it Barney Fagan, the devil an inch of Mary O'Brian's arm you'll ever tuck under your oxter."

I started back and look'd, for all the world, as if Father O'Flinn had turned me into a mile stone.

"Sit down again Barney" says he sootheringly, "and we'll see what's to be done—I have taken a fancy to that gray mare of yours—what would you be for askin to boot, between her and my little fothered Moll."

"O Father O'Flinn, she's yours hand and heart—body and saul." Only tell me all my trouble, and if it suits your pleasure give a lame dog a lift over the stile."

"O fie, Barney avic, have done, you talk so—as if you thought I was putting in for a bribe. Do you know that Mary and your cousin Barney are to be married to-morrow night, at the same time that you are to be made bone of her bone, with auld Aunty Peppercastez?

"The devil no—but oh murther in Irish—the dawn begins to break, and I see plainly that the schoolmaster was right when he said my head was as thick as an iron skillet."

"Whisht, and be silent. The kitchen is to be dark—the ladies to be veiled—the bridegrooms to be muffled up to the forehead for fear of surprise. Mary the elder is to wear Mary the younger's blue frock—who in her turn wears the others' white gown. Then comes the favored lover, and by prior agreement gives my aunt on the sly, a nip on the right lug so"—(pinching my ear.) "All this while you are to be engaged with the old-fashioned Miss in her teens, who is to be mighty silent and shy, and retiring—then in steps I—opens my book, and soon turns the two couple into a single pair, and then of course you are all as happy as thieves at a fair."

"O Father O'Flinn—jewel and darling that you are, let go my arm till I faint."

"And lose Mary eh! Let Father O'Flinn alone for that. You see Barney my boy, that cousin of yours blesses himself with his left hand, and does other things to boot, too bad for the lips of a holy man to mention—and so if we could turn his tricks on himself, it would be nothing more or less than a deed of christian charity."

That's nothing but gospel truth your Reverence

Well Barney you rogue, you know he's the divil himself for cocking the little finger, and so if you can manage by hook or by crook to corn him before the bridal, he may forget the signal, and then the day is your's again the field—and sure if all fails you can turn the back of your hand against auld vinegar cruet any way. And now avic good morning, and, when! but its no matter—I was only going to tell you that I wouldn't mintion a word at all at all, about our bargain—between Bothered Moll and the Grey Mare.

* * * * *

The room was as dark as curtained windows and a cloudy twilight, could make it—we were all still and silent—but the cousin who was still staggering under the effects of the potcheen, and who (all good angels be praised for it) forgot to give the signal appointed—not so I, Mary carries the taken of it about her till this very day—"Are yees all ready says Father O'Flinn?"—we advanced—the ceremony was performed in whispers—it was concluded—as is u

MILY JOURNAL.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

The Cockchafers.—In the year 1688, the Cockchafers appeared on the hedges and trees of the southwest coast of the county of Galway, in clusters of thousands, clinging to each other's backs, in the manner of bees when they swarm. During the day they continued quiet, but towards sunset the whole were in motion; and the humming noise of their wings sounded like distant drums. Their numbers were so great, that, for the space of two or three square miles, they entirely darkened the air. Persons travelling on the roads, or who were abroad in the fields, found it difficult to make their way home, as the insects were continually beating against their faces, and occasion great pain. In a very short time, the leaves of all the trees, for several miles round, were destroyed, leaving the whole country, though it was near midsummer, as naked and desolate as it would have been in the middle of winter. The noise which these enormous swarms made in seizing and devouring the leaves, was so loud as to have been compared to the distant sawing of timber. Swine and poultry destroyed them in vast numbers. These waited under the trees for clusters dropping, and devoured such swarms as to become fat on them alone. Even the native Irish, from the insects having eaten up the whole produce of the ground, adopted a mode of cooking them, and used them as food. Towards the end of summer they disappeared so suddenly, that, in a few days, there was not a single one left.

The Death-Watch.—Notwithstanding its smallness, this creature is often the cause of serious alarm among the superstitious, from the noise which it makes at a certain season of the year, resembling the ticking of a watch. From this it has its name; for, whenever this faculty is exerted, it is esteemed portentive of death to some one of the family in the house where it is heard. The philosopher and the naturalist may smile at a notion thus absurd; yet Sir Thomas Brown has remarked, with great earnestness, that the man, "who could eradicate this error from the minds of the people, would save from many a cold sweat the meticulous heads of nurses and grandmothers."

The wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell.
The solemn Death-watch click'd the hour she died.

It is generally in the advanced state of spring, that these insects commence their noise. This is nothing more than a call or signal, by which they are mutually attracted to each other; and it my be considered as analogous to the call of birds. It is not occasioned by the voice, but by the insect's beating on any hard substance with the shield or fore-part of its head. The general number of successive distinct strokes, is from seven to nine or eleven. These are given in tolerably quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals; and in old houses, where the insects are numerous, they may be heard during warm weather almost every hour in the day. The noise exactly resembles that made by beating with a nail upon the table.

The idea of taming this little animal may appear absurd; it has, however, been so much familiarized, as to be made to beat occasionally. On taking it out of its confinement, and beating with the nail or the point of a pen on a table or board, it will answer the beats very readily, and will even continue to repeat its efforts as long as it is required.

Dr. Derham kept a male and female together in a box for about three weeks; and, by imitating their noise, he made them beat whenever he pleased. At the end of this time one of them died; and soon afterwards the other gnawed its way out and escaped.

The Bombardier.—This insect conceals itself among stones, and seems to make but little use of its wings. When it moves it is by a sort of jump; and, when it is touched, we are surprised with a noise resembling the discharge of a musket in miniature, during which a blue smoke may be seen to proceed from its extremity. The insect may at any time be made to play off its artillery, by scratching its back with a needle. If we may believe Rolander, who first made these observations, it can give twenty discharges successively. A bladder, placed near its posterior extremity, is the arsenal that contains its store. This is its chief defence against its enemies; and the vapor or liquid that proceeds from it is of so pungent a nature, that, if it happens to be discharged into the eyes, it makes them smart as though brandy had been thrown into them. The principal enemy of the Bombardier is another insect of the same tribe, but three or four times its size. When pursued and fatigued, the Bombardier has recourse to this stratagem; he lies down in the path of his enemy, who advances with open mouth to seize him; but, on the discharge of the artillery, the enemy suddenly draws back, and remains for a while confused, during which the Bombardier conceals himself in some neighboring crevice; but, if not lucky enough to find one, the other returns to the attack, takes the insect by the head, and tears it off.

The Tortoise Shell Butterfly.—These insects, soon after their enlargement from the chrysalid state, discharge a few drops of reddish fluid, which, in places where they have been in great numbers, have had the appearance of a *shower of blood*, and been recorded by writers as the forerunner of some extraordinary event. The first discovery of this circumstance, that has been recorded, is related by M. de Reaumur. He says, that in the beginning of July, 1608, the people of the town of Aix were in the utmost alarm, from what they thought a shower of blood, that had just fallen in the suburbs, and for some miles round the place. M. de Peiresc, a philosopher, who, among other kinds of knowledge, had not neglected that of the operation [illegible] of insects, was consulted on the subject. He found the walls of a churchyard near the place, and the walls of several small villages in the neighborhood, to be spotted with large drops of a blood-coloured liquid. A little time before this, he had happened to pick up a large and beautiful chrysalis, which he had carefully laid in a box. Immediately after its transformation into the butterfly state, he remarked that it had left a large drop of red [illegible] liquor on the bottom of the box. The red stains on the walls, [illegible] near the highways and in the fields, were found to be perfectly similar to that left on the bottom of the box. M. de Peiresc now no longer hesitated to pronounce, that all those blood-coloured stains, wherever they appeared, proceeded from the same cause. The prodigious number of butterflies, which he, at the same time, saw flying in the air, confirmed his original idea. He likewise observed that the drops of the miraculous rain were never found in the middle of the town; that they appeared only in places bordering upon the country; and that they never fell upon the tops of houses, or upon walls more elevated than the height to which butterflies generally rise. What M. de Peiresc himself saw, he showed to many persons of knowledge or of curiosity, and established, as an incontestable fact, that the pretended drops of blood were in reality but drops of a red liquid deposited there by butterflies. It is also deserving of remark, that all the showers of blood, that have been recorded to have happened, took place in the warm seasons of the year, when the butterflies are most numerous.

A Dutchman's Climax of Happiness.—It is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie down than to sit; it is better to sleep than to lie down; it is better to die than to sleep.

THE DRAMA.

The Park Theatre opened for the season on Wednesday evening, and if there is any truth in the old saw "well begun is half done" it was the commencement of a most prosperous season. The opening of a theatrical Campaign always gives rise to a thousand rumours, hopes and expectations, and this season has been most prolific in them, tho' for the most part they are so utterly absurd that even to name them would be giving them an importance their intrinsic worthlessness does not merit.

One of the Wise Men of Gotham gravely asks thro' a Morning Paper,—why do not the Managers publish the names of their Stock Company?—we answer him, (as the worthy Editor he addresses is uncertain on the point,) that it is not the practice of the Theatre to do so. He farther asks "who are to support the Woods?"—The same who supported Mrs. Austin and Miss Hughes. And he then "understands that Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Sharpe are going about starring it." We beg to inform him the lady played the night before his questions were published, and Mr. Jones is still engaged at this Theatre as heretofore.

The new Farce of the "Irish Ambassadors,"—"Teddy the Tiler," and Petticoat Government formed the bill for the opening night. The two first were for the purpose of introducing Mr. Power to the notice of our citizens, and we feel much pleasure in recording that the introduction met with a warm and hearty welcome. The House was crowded in every part and the enthusiastic plaudits that attended his entrance did not subside for many minutes. Indeed the kind welcome was extended by the audience to all their old favorites, and sufficiently marked the estimation in which they held those whose lives are a continued series of endeavors to please. Mr. Power is the best representative of a certain line of Irish Character that has been on the stage for some years. His person is well formed and agreeable, and his voice tho' weak, is mellow and sufficiently touched with the melody of the brogue. His deportment is gentlemanly in the extreme, and his manner easy varied, and pleasant,—for in the ambassadors he brought the habits of the Drawing Room on to the stage, and in the Tiler, the fashions of the roof were rendered agreeable even in the Drawing Room. The farce of the Irish Ambassador is a translation by Kenney from the French,—"Diplomat,"—and Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, introduced by the author instead of the original French victim—has been worked up by the Actor into a most laughter provoking specimen of Irish blundering. His story is very brief, —searching for illustrations of picturesque costume he stumbles into the midst of political intrigues in a German Court—is unconsciously made the pivot on which the whole machinery turns,—every event good or ill seems to spring from his agency—and he is alternately spurned by the lover, complimented by her sire,—abused by an unsuccessful diplomatist in good set terms, and alternately has his arms almost shaken off in congratulations from all parties for acts of his of which he remains in profound ignorance, even at the dropping of the curtain.

These various embarrassments were delineated by Mr. Power with a vast deal of neatness and wit,—and roars of laughter attended them from the beginning to the end of the Farce. Mr. Power has made a decided hit, and we anticipate much pleasure from his future performances.

On Thursday evening, the Irish Ambassador was repeated together with the Irish Tutor and the Chimney Piece,—the House was quite full, and all seemed delighted with the performances. In Doctor O'Toole, Mr. Power introduced the celebrated Irish song called the "Groves of Blarney,"—which tickled his auditors amazingly,—for he sung it with much taste and humour.

Coleman's Comedy of "John Bull," was presented last night,—but it was too late in concluding, for us to give any account of its performance.

On Monday the 9th September, the charming Mrs. Wood will begin her enchantments in the magic opera of Cinderella. Those who have not heard her, have a treat in store, which their utmost anticipations cannot realize,—and those who have, know full well what they shall experience in the renewed enjoyment of that skill which has long been the admiration of the most accomplished Musical Societies in the Old World. The excellence of this lovely musician is as varied as it is unquestioned,—and the severest critic must fail to prove in which she most excels,—in the simple Ballad which touches the heart by its pathos and expression,—or in the brilliant bravura that challenges the nicest judgement by its skill and power.

Mr. Wood who is an exceedingly fine young man and possesses a voice of great sweetness, and considerable cultivation,—will appear as the Prince in the same opera, and the combined talents of the two will give to this favorite production a new, and re-invigorated life.

Mr. W. Taylor has resigned his post as leader of the Band from ill health,—and Mr. Peason,—who has been for years the leader of the Orchestra in Dublin, is engaged to supply his place.

NATIONAL TASTES RESPECTING ANIMAL FOOD.

Everything that moves in earth, air, or sea, is devoured by man. In some valleys of the Alps the rearing of snails is carried on as a trade, and in the month of September, they are sent down the Danube to Vienna and Hungary, where they are sold as an article of luxurious food. In South America nothing in the shape of life comes wrong to them—they eat serpents, lizards, and ounces and Humboldt has seen children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes, and crunch them up. At Emeralds their delicate morceau is a roasted monkey. Puppies, on the Missouri and Mississippi, are choice food. Horse-flesh in Arabia; elephants' flesh in India; camels' flesh in Egypt. The Pariahs of Hindostan contend for putrid carrion with dogs, vultures, and kites. The Chinese devour cats, dogs, rats and serpents; bears' paws, birds' nests, and sea-slugs, are dainty bits. The inhabitants of Cochin China prefer rotten eggs to fresh. The Tonquinese and inhabitants of Madagascar prefer locusts to the finest fish. In Austria a good fat grub would be preferred to everything else; and in the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm is esteemed a luxury, while the edible nests of the Java swallow are so rich a dainty that the ingredients of the dish will cost 15l. The quantity of frogs eaten on the Continent is enormous. At Terracina the host asks his guest whether he prefers the eel of the hedge or that of the river. The astronomer De la Lande was remarkably fond of spiders. Great Britain even transcends her continental neighbors. The "braxy" of Scotland is putrid mutton, the sheep having died in the rot; game and venison is seldom relished till it is "high," or, in honest language, till it is a mass of putrefaction, disengaging in abundance one of the most septic poisons the chemist knows of. In numerous cases it is a mass of life and motion —the offspring of putridity. Pigs are still whipped to death; oysters are boiled alive; cod are crimped; eels are skinned, writhing in agony; hares are hunted to death, and white veal is the greatest luxury.

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

POSTAGE TO CANADA.

The Kingston (U. C.) Chronicle copies the Post office department notice respecting the postage on all papers to Canada and the provinces to be paid in advance at the office where mailed, or at the frontier, with the following observations: "We should be glad to find the Chronicle right in its supposition, for the new arrangement puts us to charges, to the amount of some goodly number of Dollars.—"We hope the New-York editors will inform us who it was that communicated to the United States Post Office the information that "the Post masters in British North America have been instructed not to collect, nor to be accountable" to that office "for the postage on newspapers sent by mail from the United States into the British Provinces." Directly on reading the above Circular, we applied to the Postmaster of this town, to inquire the purport of it, when we were informed that no such instructions as those alluded to in the circular had been received at the Kingston Post Office, nor was it believed that any had been given to any Post Office in the Canadas! The Postmaster General of the United States has therefore been very wrongly informed, perhaps by interested individuals.

A WORD OR TWO OF THE BIRTH AND MARRIAGE OF ONE BARNEY FAGAN.

It was midnight!—the heavens thundered, and the rain fell,—my father was kicked out of doors by the ladies,—the midwife's lap-dog barked,—the clock struck, Mrs. Rustyphig sneezed, and I was popped into the world.

After such a multitude of mysteries about the birth, it is natural to suppose there was something very wonderful in the babe: and indeed, my first appearance in town put the rivet in this entirely; for no sooner did Mrs. Mc Snifter put her fingers into my mouth to feel in what condition my gums were to receive a coral, than she gave a shriek that might have softened the heart of a tax-gatherer at his third time of calling, and immediately bared her astonished digits to the company, each as bloody as the end of Macbeth's dagger.

"A miracle, a downright miracle!" shouted the midwife, who in the whirl of her amazement, emptied a very sublime decoction, she had just prepared, into Mrs. O'Flanagan's lap; being the first time she ever was known to make that use of a brandy sling. Mrs. O'Flanagan screamed, and so did the midwife; but all the noise they could make, was of no service in doing away the fact, that my jaws were already equipped with a very respectable double row of back teeth, and as has been seen already, a natural genius for using them to advantage.

"Ill weeds thrive apace," says one of my mother's gossips, aside, and winking to her neighbor.

"The devil a use he'll have of a crab claw for a teething bone any way," whispers another.

"Tis a born beauty he is" without a doubt, simpers a third, and the very image of his father, God bless him:" (by the way, my father was notoriously the ugliest man in three parishes.") In short every one had something or other to say on the subject, until at last, growing tired of their compliments, I fell into a sleep, which kept one busy enough dreaming about sugar plumbs until cock crew, and such was the evening and the morning of the first day."

If we pass over the rap I gave my little brother Tim on the head with the ladle, for calling me *Bonypart*, in reference to my mouthful of grinders, and a few other little etceteras in the same line, nothing of any importance occurred till the christening; an event that took place in the third day after my first salam. During the earlier part of the ceremony, I lay quiet as possible; entirely wrapt up in the beauty or my red shoes and white stockings, but no sooner did Father Kennedy begin to sprinkle my countenance, than I gave a kick and a roar, the like of which have not been heard in the chapel of Balina from that day to this. "Och its your ravirince that has druv the divil out of him intirely, with the blesht wather," says old Shelah Delany, "for if I have any skill in the mather, and to be shure its myself that should, seeing I'm the seventh daughther of the seventh daughther, that screetch we heard was no screetch at all, but the evel one on his passage out, and at the patch of his voice bidding a sweet bad luck to us all in broken Irish."

Of my earlier boyhood my memory is a mere blank, but there's not a letter effaced from it, touching the time I was under the tuition of the parish school-master. The progress I made with him however was only so so, for which he was constantly excusing himself, "Barney you villain" he would often say to me, "no matter what road you choose to take in the world, there's little danger of your being fettered down by the prejudices of genius or education, in as much, as that num-scull of yours is as hard, and as thick, as the pan crock." "But not so easily cracked, master dear." I would answer with a wink, "or sure them Iron Knuckles must have made a breach in it long since.

At twenty my education being finished I began to think of setting up for myself in the world, and looking out for a wife; my pretensions were considerable, for besides a fair proportion of the family scenes nature had showered upon me every one of the family charms. There were my father's carroty locks, my uncle Ben's snub nose, brother Tim's bandy legs, and a host of other attractions, the least of which was enough to take the eye of the best culhoag that ever kicked in the rinka, not to mention those I inherited from myself, namely, the two rows of backs already put down, and a certain way of blarneying of my own, that might have wheedled the devil out of a tithe proctor, or any girl in the world, barring Mary O'Brian of the sweet town of Kellaloo, out of herself. However, while I was putting the comether on Mary, an old maiden aunt of hers, bearing the same name, was throwing a sheep's eye at me and my twenty acres. Likewise which way I would in the morning going out, I was sure to find myself in the direction of Miss O'Brian's cottage before I came home, and likewise do as I might the devil a fifty yards I could ever find my self out of the neighborhood of her toad of an aunt. At last I was determined to put a nail in the business, so one night seeing Mary alone in the window enjoying the moonlight, I commenced operations.

"Who's that I see climbing over the hedge?" says Mary.

"Nobody at all my hearts elixer," says I, "barring the prettiest sprig of a boy, you ever clapped your two good looking eyes upon;" by this I was cheek by Jowl with her, and after receiving one of cupid's arrows in my right cheek that is, the point of a huge corcor pin, while attempting to snatch a *kiss though* for my trouble. "Get out om of this you monster" says she. "Tis come in my angel you mean" says I "for a young body always says no, when she intends yes," to be as brief as possible after about half an hour's kissing and cutting, during which I thought I had settled the business as much as I had come twenty times on Judy's lips with the emphasis of a six pounder, and received a more than equal number of thumps on the head, and kicks in the ancles, I heard her fathers foot on the stairs, and so to save him the trouble of kicking me out of the door I jumped out of the window, and soon found myself at home all but dead from the effects of my first nights courtship.

Barney Fogan was a namesake and a cousin of mine, and according to the neighbors, a great deal a prettier boy than myself, though to be sure my mother would have got up any night in the week at twelve o'clock, to prove that the neighbors were all wrong. Of this Barney I had my own suspicions, for it was hinted about town that he and Mary O'Brian the younger, were pulling a string together under the rose. 'Twas about this I was dreaming the whole night, but the next morning all my sorrow was put to the rout, by the receipt of a love letter, folded like a heart, and in the hand writing of the prettiest girl in christendom. Day after day and week after week followed,—at least so said the almanack, but they did not appear five minutes in the life of the favored lover of Miss Mary O'Brian. Such kissing and courting, and tea parties, and presents of ribbons and breast knots, and pincushions, &c. &c. were never before known in the quiet town of Killaloo. I had even another reason for rejoicing in my triumph, besides the anticipated possession of Mary, for I knew that my cousin was heels over head in love with her, while in regard of some wicked insinuations he used to be throwing out touching my cocked nose and my bandy legs, I hated him as the devil hates an arch-bishop.

In short my happiness was all but complete, though, to be sure, by way of a damper, I now and then thought I discovered a sneer lurking about Mary's lips, which seemed to say as much, as that she was wishing a body safe to the devil. It also struck me, (though while in company together he was lately in the habit of hanging his head,) that I had more than once caught Barney the second, grinning mysteriously at me over his shoulder, but what surprised me more than all was, that for the last two months, I had seldom been annoyed by the apparition of our maiden aunt, Mary the elder.

"Mary Alana," says I to the niece one night," when are you going to put the strap into the buckle?"

"That's the very thing" says she, "that's running between me and my rest, for do you know my father is thinking of a match between me and old Grogan, the rich miller."

"O the cannibal!"

"Nothing less I assure you; so what ever we do, must be done quickly, and in the dark."

"This I joyously assented to." You have heard of course that your cousin Barney and my aunt, are to be married "*under the rose*" to morrow night?"

"No!"

"Indeed!—I thought he had entrusted you with the secret. Well, between you and me, they are, but mind it goes no farther, and so as the priest is already engaged, if you have no objection, we will kill two birds with one stone."

Here she paused to blush and I was struck dumb with rapture.

"To prevent suspicion," she continued we will meet no more until we meet forever,—but dont forget to be in the priest's kitchen at seven o'clock. Adieu."

You may be sure the grass hadn't time to grow under Barney Fagan's feet, until he was at home and preparing for the bridal; but scarcely had I time to cut a caper or two at the glass, when somebody pushes opens the door and in walks the priest.

"Barney," says he, smiling, "your'e a nice purty boy, and a good christian, and a better warrant at paying the dues."

"What the devil can he be driving at" thinks I, for I knew all this to be a lie though it was the priest himself that told it. "Your Reverence," says I, "is very kind this morning."

"Whisht," says he, "and dont be after interrupting the Lord's annointed. Well as I wa saying, is'nt Tom O'Brian's daughter Mary, a darlint creathure!"

"A perfect angel."

"Hout you wicked sinner, I did'nt say angel, but has'nt she a beautiful foot?"

"Like a fairy!"

"And a voice!"

"Like a nightingale."

"And an eye?"

"Like the sun."

"And lips?"

"Like honey."

"And would'nt she be worth an acre of any mans lorn that ever lifted a reaping hook?"

"O Yes your reverence one hundred thousand."

"Then take my word for it Barney Fagan, the devil an inch of Mary O'Brian's arm you'll ever tuck under your oxter."

I started back and look'd, for all the world, as if Father O'Flinn had turned me into a mile stone.

"Sit down again Barney" says he sootheringly, "and we'll see what's to be done—I have taken a fancy to that gray mare of yours—what would you be for askin to boot, between her and my little fethered Moll."

"O Father O'Flinn, she's yours hand and heart —body and soul." Only tell me all my trouble, and if it suits your pleasure give a lame dog a lift over the stile."

"O fie, Barney avic, have done, you talk so—as if you thought I was putting in for a bribe. Do you know that Mary and your cousin Barney are to be married to-morrow night, at the same time that you are to be made bone of her bone, with auld Aunty Peppercaster?

"The devil no—but oh murther in Irish—the dawn begins to break, and I see plainly that the schoolmaster was right when he said my head was as thick as an iron skillet."

"Whisht, and be silent. The kitchen is to be dark—the ladies to be veiled—the bridegrooms to be muffled up to the forehead for fear of surprise. Mary the elder is to wear Mary the younger's blue frock—who in her turn wears the others' white gown. Then comes the favored lover, and by prior agreement gives my aunt on the sly, a nip on the right lug so"—(pinching my ear.) "All this while you are to be engaged with the old-fashioned Miss in her teens, who is to be mighty silent and shy, and retiring—then in steps I—opens my book, and soon turns the two couple into a single pair, and then of course you are all as happy as thieves at a fair."

"O Father O'Flinn—jewel and darling that you are, let go my arm till I faint."

"And hose Mary eh? Let Father O'Flinn alone for that. You see Barney my boy, that cousin of yours blesses himself with his left hand, and does other things to boot, too bad for the lips of a holy man to mention—and so if we could turn his tricks on himself, it would be nothing more or less than a deed of christian charity."

That's nothing but gospel truth your Reverence."

Well Barney you rogue, you know he's the devil himself for cocking the little finger, and so if you can manage by hook or by crook to corn him before the bridal, he may forget the signal, and then the day is your's again the field—and sure if all fails you can turn the back of your hand against auld vinegar cruet any way. And now avic good morning, and, when! but its no matter—I was only going to tell you that I wouldn't mention a word at all at all, about our bargain—between Botheral Moll and the Grey Mare.

* * * * * *

The room was as dark as curtained windows and a cloudy twilight, could make it—we were all still and silent—but the cousin who was still staggering under the effects of the potcheen, and who (all good angels be praised for it) forgot to give the signal appointed—not so I, Mary carries the token of it about her till this very day—"Are yees all ready says Father O'Flinn?"—we advanced—the ceremony was performed in whispers—it was concluded—as is usual on such occasions we lifted the veils to kiss the brides—when Mary look'd into my face—gave a shriek—and tumbled into my arms.

There is little to add—but that Barney the second never forgave me from that day to this—though I am all in all with his lady who did not care a pin how the business turned out so as she got a husband—and that my own Mary the best of a bad bargain; and that Father O'Flinn rides a grey horse and is considered the best mounted curate, any where between Tillaloo and the city of Limerick.

THE NEW POLICEMAN.

John White he was the smartest man
Of all the New Police,
Though he had but a pound a week
To keep him and the p[illegible]ce.

Among his brother officers
You might have found some bigger;
But John White, No. 28,
Was well known by his *figure*.

The servant maids, as John went by,
Stole to their doors to talk,
And so would be long *on the step*
Though not allowed a *walk*.

Soon to a cook, one Susan Fry,
He spoke of faithful love,
And swore she was, though kitchen-maid,
All other maids above.

This cook had vowed that none to her
Cool treatment should impute;
So, looking at his uniform,
She smiled upon his *suit*.

But soon, alas! she found him out,
And his bright prospects marred—
Though John, like all the New Police,
Was always *on his guard*.

One night she called to see Jane Sly,
The cook to Doctor Drake,
And there, with Jane and oyster-sauce,
She found her love at *steak!*

John kept his eyes fixed on his plate,
Alarmed at Susan's sight
Who cried, "For shame!" and then declared
Next day her wrongs she'd write.

She sent this touching note to Jane:
"Yu'l never cee me more;
For yu ave splitt a appy *pear*,
And cut me to the *core*."

And then she wrote to faithless John—
"Yu kno, sur, I'm yure betters;
Indede the postman says I've mad
Sum progress in my *letters*.

"I oped for joy, John, wen I chose
My Luv from *humble state*—
For being cook, of course I knoo
Wot broils attend the *grate*.

"But yu've deceived me, so fairwell,
Yu false and crewel yuth;
I've found, though yu're one of the 'Farce,'
'Tis not the 'Force of Truth.'

"So I'm determined, O, John Wite,
To plunge into the river;
And scorn, as I ave lost my *heart*,
To be a for-lorn *liver!*"

To Water-loo Bridge straight she went,
Poor melancholy soul!
Where, as she was a *belle of death*,
She paid the usual *toll*.

Then turning pale at thoughts of White,
She scaled the bridge's-brink,
And, like a fearless kitchen-maid,
Thus perished in a *sink!*

John's still alive; but grown so thin,
With constant woes and pains,
That literary servant maids
Now call him "*White's Remains!*"

Literary Gazette.

JAM JEHAN NIMA.

This is, or rather is to be, the name of a new magazine, proposed to be established by John Howard Payne, Esq. It means "*The Goblet where-in you may behold the Universe*," and is intended to give an idea of the nature and character of the work to which it belongs—or is to belong. The intention of Mr. Payne is to publish his journal weekly in London; and to enlist in its support, the united talent of England and the United States.—The prospectus is too long to be copied, but we will endeavor to extract from it in as few words as may be, the benefits to be derived by both countries, from the establishment of the Magazine.

And first to America: it is to provide a depository where original literary productions from the writers of England and America may appear side by side, and thus create a competition tending to most favorable influences upon American literature. It is to supply a vehicle in which the intellectual interests of America may be upheld. To furnish to Europe a *catalogue raisonnee* of all original books issuing from the American press. To circulate the names and powers of numerous writers of first rate merit, whose reputation now is merely local. To communicate every discovery hit upon in science and the mechanical arts. To answer misrepresentations of this country before they have time to take root. To give opportunity for the asking and answering of questions on both sides of the Atlantic, on all subjects of moment. To supply Americans resident abroad with all the "authentic chit chat" of their home [a detestable phrase by the way]. To convey from England intelligence fuller, and more to be relied on than is to be found elsewhere: and lastly to be an oracle to the ladies, touching the fashions, &c. &c.

To England it is to provide opinions upon productions and events uninfluenced by party or local politics. To afford the countries of Europe the readiest means of information upon some points to which they are now intently looking. To supply persons desirous of emigrating with more copious information upon topics most important to them than they can obtain from other sources; and to convey the unvarnished truth to artists and lovers of the drama, concerning the value set on their countrymen who may become known to the people of the United States.

The work is to be printed on thirty-two large octavo pages in the best style London can accomplish. The price of subscription is to be ten dollars per annum, and the publication will be commenced as soon as a sufficient number of names have been given in to secure the expenses.

We have only room left to say that we heartily wish Mr. Payne success in his enterprise.

Subscriptions will be received by Bliss & Wadsworth, at No. 205 Broadway.

Tit for Tat.—The passengers on board an Aberdeen smack were most grievously annoyed by the nocturnal visitations of myriads of hungry bugs.—These little blood suckers were so incessant in their attacks, that to close an eye was utterly out of the question; nay, so severely did some suffer, that in the morning, when all hands were mustered in the cabin, their physiognomies were to be recognised with considerable difficulty! One night their agonies became so intolerable, that they bellowed out to the master of the vessel, "O, master' master' there biting us!" "What the deil's biting ye?" cries the master. "O, sir' the d—d *bugs*." The response of the master, if not consolatory, was admirable laconic: "Weel, care fall ye, canna ye *bite them again?*"

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FIRST, OF PRUSSIA.

The memoirs of the Princess of Bareuth, the sister of Frederick II. have initiated us in the household secrets of that most whimsical of monarchs, Frederick William I. who thought nothing so satisfactory to the heart of a king, as the appearance of a regiment of men of six feet; and who carried the spirit of economy and avarice in his palace to such an extent, as to refuse absolute necessaries to his family, who were frequently reduced to the condition of the meanest citizen. A volume has lately been published at Hamburgh, consisting of papers rescued from obscurity (found, it is said, in the collection of one of Frederick the Second's preceptors,) which perfectly accords with the Princess of Prussia's memoirs, and places the extravagancies of the father of Frederick the Great in a still stronger light. The second of these papers is entitled "How my son Frederick is to carry on his studies at Wusterhausen." It is an instruction written by the king. Among other things he says, "On Sundays, he, the prince-royal will rise at seven o'clock: as soon as he has put on his slippers, he will kneel by the side of the bed, and address a short prayer to God but in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by those who are in the room: as soon as that is done, he will dress himself quickly, wash himself well, tie his hair, and powder it. Dressing and praying will not occupy more than a quarter of an hour. It will then be a quarter after seven. He will breakfast in seven minutes. After that, his servants and Duhan (the governor) will enter to say prayers on their knees, &c. With respect to education, the king has written on the margin of the plan of studies which he proposes:—"The history of Greece and Rome to be omitted: it is good for nothing." The poor prince-royal found much difficulty in complying with the demands of his august father. In 1728 he addressed a humble letter to him, to ascertain why he succeeded so ill in satisfying the king. The answer to the letter is—"Because you are obstinate, because you do not love your father: in the second place, you well know that I do not like an effeminate fellow, who has no human inclinations, who is full of awkwardness, who does not distinguish himself either in riding, or in shooting, who is dirty, who frizzes his hair like a fool, and who, a thousand times reprimanded, never corrects himself; who, moreover, has a ridiculous pride, never speaks to any body, is neither popular nor affable, makes faces, and never obeys my wishes except when he is compelled to do so. There is my answer. (Signed) Frederick-William." The same monarch says in his instructions to his son's governors:—"The principal care of the two tutors must be to inculcate in my son the love of a military life, and to make him sensible that as nothing in the world can confer on a prince so much honour as the sword, he will be despised if he does not love it above every thing, and seek in it his sole glory." It certainly appears that these instructions were fulfilled to the letter, and that the tutors succeeded pretty well in inspiring Frederick II. with "the love of the sword!" Another paper in this collection exhibits the despotism of Frederick-William I. in religious matters. Full of Lutheran zeal, the king had it much at heart to banish from the service every thing that could recall the rites of the Catholic church. In consequence, he proscribed, with a rigour almost fanatical, or rather with his usual military despotism, surplices, tapers, Latin psalms, &c. to the great dismay of the pastors and the parishioners, habituated from their infancy to these customs. Happily, his son afterwards restored liberty in that respect, without, however, entirely abolishing the arbitrary orders of his father. The most curious paper of the collection, seems to us, however, to be the ordinance by which Frederick-William summoned the Count de Stein to the vice-presidency of the Academy of Sciences. The following are the contents of this document, the German style of which is singularly absurd:—"The king enjoins the new vice-president to observe closely the conjunctions of the stars, and to see if there is not in the firmament a meeting of comets which may endanger the earth. In such a case, the vice-president must confer with his colleagues, in order to devise the means of remedying the disorders which may ensue. The vice-president is enjoined to take care that night-hags, flying-dragons, mountain-dwarfs, will-o'-the-wisps, and other mischevious beings, the existence of which incredulity would fain deny, do no harm. As they love to sojourn in marshes, lakes, ditches, and heaths, the vice-president must exert himself to extirpate such malevolent creatures. He will be allowed seven crowns for every monster he may deliver up, dead or alive." Such were to be the occupations of a vice-president of the Prussian Academy in 1732! What an enormous distance between the gross superstitions of Frederick-William I. and the philosophical spirit of his son Frederick II.!

From the Pennsylvanian.

Between the law and the press, the drama is in a very bad way in the Bay State. Barret and company have fallen within the clutches of Mr. Justice Locke, and the select men of the town of Lowell, for playing the Hunchback in violation of the laws against dramatic performances—the Post Master, Mr. Eliphalet Case, being the informer. On Wednesday last, Mr. G. H. Barrett and Mr. Andrews, the renowned singer of the "Poachers," were arraigned before the Police Court! They desired to be tried separately, and Mr. Andrews stood forward as the first victim. The difficulty was to identify him—for the witnesses would not swear that the prisoner in the plain garb of a citizen was the same who figured on the Lowell boards, in the tinsel and trappings of Modus. He was however ordered to recognize in the sum of $350, to appear at the Court of Common Pleas in November, and in the meantime to keep the peace and be of good behaviour. A consultation was then held between the promoters of the prosecution and the respondents which resulted in the laying aside of the remaining processes, and the respondents, W. H. Smith, G. H. Barrett, &c. were discharged.

One of the witnesses was committed for a contempt, having refused to say whether he was or was not at the theatre on the evening aforesaid, although it was decided by Justice Locke, that one of the audience who did not take part in the performances is not *particeps criminis*. The other twenty witnesses could say nothing to the point; they were at the theatre, and they saw some one play Modus. The playbills said it was Mr. Andrews, and that was all they knew about the matter. Some of the actors they did not know, but they saw Mr. Andrews walking about behind the scenes like any other man, and he did not tell them that he was playing Modus. It is therefore a difficult matter to decide who performs a character, especially if the question be asked in a police office.

One witness deposed that he saw the same person who performed Modus, play a part in 1831 on the Boston boards, when the bills called him Andrews, &c. &c.

The Lowell Mercury takes part against the players; but is willing to have a theatre on certain conditions: provided that minors are excluded unless they come by consent of parents and guardians: that all females unprotected be excluded: and that no liquors be sold in the house. Under these arrangements the editor thinks plays as harmless as cotillions, jigs, or historical lectures. He however growls at the profits of actors, such as the Kembles and Master Burke, which profits, says he, are taxes levied upon the poor, and sponged indirectly out of their pockets. The New England managers then must have discovered the grand secret of forcing the people to patronise them *nolens volens*.

Grease Spots.—The following method of removing grease and oil spots from silk and other articles, without injury to the colours, is given in the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*: Take the yolk of an egg and put a little of it on the spot, then place over it a piece of white linen, and wet it with boiling water: rub the linen with the hand, and repeat the process three or four times, at each time applying fresh boiling water: the linen is to be then removed, and the part thus treated is to be washed with clean cold water.

Married,

On Tuesday the 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Philip Milledoler, President of Rutger's College, John S. Bussing, of the firm of E. & J. Bussing, to Miss Ann, daughter of Abraham Van Ness.

At Jamaica, L. I. on Thursday, August 22, by the Rev. Wm. L. Johnson, Henry Van Renselaer, of Albany, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr John A. King.

At New Haven, on Wednesday the 14th inst. by Silas Mix, Esq. Col George Ward, of the city of New York, to Mrs. Charlotte Tuttle, of the former place.

At Delhi, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr Orange Clark, Henry Robinson, son of the Hon. Tracy Robinson, of Broome co. to Elizabeth, daughter of General Erastus Root.

At Norwich, Conn. by the Rev. Mr. Everett, Rev. J. M. S. Perry, of Mendon, Mass. to Miss Harriet Joanna Lathrop, youngest daughter of the late Charles Lathrop, Esq.

Died,

At Montrose, Pa. on Saturday the 17th inst. at the residence of her brother-in-law, Miss Octavia [illegible], in the 26th year of her age, daughter of Mr. [illegible] Pinckney, of L. I.

On Friday morning, 16th inst. after a short but severe illness, in his third year, Robert, son of R. S. Hubbard, of this city.

On Thursday evening, in the [illegible] year of her age, Sarah Augusta, consort of L. D. [illegible].

On Thursday morning, Mr. Henry Brown.

THE RED HOUSE.
BY JAMES DAVIS,
5[illegible] Broadway.
Wines and Liquors of the first quality. au21

STATE OF NEW-YORK,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Albany, [illegible] 1833.

Sir,—I hereby give you notice, that at the next general Election in this State, to be held on the [illegible] days of November next, a Senator is to be chosen in the first Senate District, in the place of [illegible], whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Notice is also given, that at the said election the following proposed amendments to the Constitution of this State, will be submitted to the people, viz.

1. For electing the Mayor of the City of New-York, by the electors thereof.
2. For authorizing the Legislature to reduce the duties on Salt.

JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

N. B.—The Inspectors of Elections in the several Wards in your county will give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State.

J. W. ST[illegible],
Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.
Sheriff's Office, Aug 30th, 1833.

All the Newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and hand their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office. aug31 lawtNov

GENERAL STUD BOOK.
AMERICAN RACE TURF REGISTER AND SPORTSMAN'S HERALD.

CONTAINING the pedigrees of the most celebrated Horses, Mares, and Geldings, that have distinguished themselves as Racers on the American Turf, from one quarter of a mile race up to four miles and repeat; also, such as have been kept in the stud—as Stallions and Mares for breeding, from the earliest period to the present time; and from which have descended the most valuable blood of stock at present in the United States. The whole calculated for the use and information of Amateurs, Breeders and Trainers of that most noble and useful animal, the Horse. Compiled from the papers, letters, memorandums, stud-books, and newspapers, of the most celebrated and distinguished sportsmen; also from other sources of the most correct information.

By Patrick Nisbett Edgar, of Granville Co. North Carolina. In two volumes.

New York.—Press of Henry Mason, 76 Maiden Lane. aug3

BALTIMORE RACES OVER THE CENTRAL COURSE, Fall meeting, 1833.
Will commence on the third Tuesday in October, 15th, and continue four days at least.

FIRST DAY.
A most interesting sweepstake, to which there are eleven subscribers, $500 each, h. f. In this race there are the most promising colts and fillies that were ever seen in America, viz. William R. Johnson, enters full sister to Herr Cline.
Henry A. Taylor, f. Emily Tonson, by Monsieur Tonson; dam Lucy Gwynn, by Sir Charles.
Edward Parker, full brother to Pilot.
C. S. W. Dorsey, ch. f. by Maryland Eclipse, out of a Tuckahoe mare.
J. M. Botts, Gohanna colt, out of Sir Walter's dam.
James M. Selden, ch. c. by Monsieur Tonson, out of Adelaide, by Wonder.
William Wynn, full brother to Anvil.
R. F. Stockton, a Monsieur Tonson colt, out of Iris.
R. L. Stevens, a Henry, out of Cinderella.
A. P. Hamlin, gr. c. by American Eclipse, out of Empress.
R. Gilmor, Jr. gr. c. Cadet, by Medley, out of Sally Walker.

SECOND DAY.
Two mile heats for a splendid pair of silver pitchers and waiters, cost $500. The winner will be entitled to take the plate or the $500 at his option.

THIRD DAY.
Proprietors purse, three mile heats, $500, entrance $20.

FOURTH DAY.
Jockey Club purse, $1000 four mile heats, entrance $20.

In addition to the above there is a prospect of having a post stake, four mile heats, $500 entrance, p. p. to which the proprietor will add $500 provided five subscribers can be procured. Also a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, mile heats, entrance $200, $100 forfeit, four or more to make a race. In this race there are three subscribers, viz. Mr. Wynn, W. R. Johnson, and Jas. S. Garrison. These two stakes will be open to subscribers until the first of October.

J. M. SELDEN, Proprietor.

The Nat. Intelligencer, Washington, Richmond Whig, Petersburg Intelligencer, Norfolk Herald, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, Philadelphia Chronicle, Lancaster Journal, and Easton (Md.) Gazette will publish the above once a week till race, and charge J. M. S. aug31

SETH G. SPALDING, [illegible], No. 245 Broadway.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs the public that he has effected an engagement with Monsieur Saubert from Paris, the celebrated Professor of EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY, VENTRILOQUISM, and wonders in general, who will have the honor to make his appearance in the Saloon of the Garden, on TUESDAY Evening, the 27th inst.

Monsieur Saubert will exhibit a variety of moral and ingenious tricks, specimens of the ART MAGIC, and ILLUSTRATIONS OF MANUAL DEXTERITY, varied with SCENES OF VENTRILOQUISM, French and English Caricatures, PHILOSOPHICAL COMBINATIONS AND DECEPTIONS, and the Arcana of Nature.

The extraordinary skill and performances of Monsieur Saubert have attracted the greatest attention, and gained for him the highest applause in this City, Philadelphia, Albany, and the principal cities of Europe, and they afford entertainments of the very first character, combined with results and principles worthy the study of the Philosopher.

ADMISSION, 50 cents. aug 24

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS!

BRILLIANT CONCERT!—On Monday, Aug. 26.
The public is most respectfully informed that on this occasion all the FIRST VOCALISTS in the country will appear, and the Combination of talent will consist of Madame Feron, Mr. Jones, Mr. Walton, Signor Orlandi, of the Italian Opera, and Mrs. Austin, with other artists of eminence.

The Orchestra is composed of the best performers of the Park Theatre and Italian Opera.

The FIRE-WORKS by Mr. Hall, will be magnificent.

Tickets only 50 cents. au24

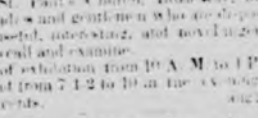
EXHIBITION OF THE

THE citizens of New York and its vicinity, are respectfully informed that the proprietors of Morean's useful and wonderful novelty, consisting of three Manufactories of Cotton and Woollen Cloths and Cards in full operation, by the power of Dogs, are exhibiting at the CITY SALOON, [illegible], opposite St. Paul's Church, Broadway, for a short time. Ladies and gentlemen who are disposed to witness useful, interesting, and novel ingenuity, are invited to call and examine.

Hours of exhibition from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.; from 3 to 6, and from 7 1-2 to 10 in the evening. Admittance 25 cents. aug21 2w

FOR SALE.—A first rate Pointer Dog not a year old, of choice breed. Enquire of T. J. Barnett, at M. S. Isaacs & Co's office, 18 Wall st. aug24 tf

NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW-JERSEY.

STEAM  BOAT

HOUSE,

No. 85 WEST-STREET, NEW-YORK.

J. HALL, thankfully acknowledges past patronage, and assures his friends and the public, that no pains shall be spared on his part to make every thing comfortable.

Board by the day or week. Relishes at all hours. aug17

S. E. VALENTINE,
EAGLE HOTEL,
603 Broadway. aug17

RICHARD BLAKELOCK, respectfully informs the public, that he has opened the Eighth Ward Hotel, 166 Spring-street, and hopes, by keeping good articles and strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage and support. aug17

CARTER, HENDEE & CO, Boston, have recently published,—

THE WAVERLY ANECDOTES, illustrative of the incidents, characters and scenery described in the Novels and Romances of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., 2 vols.

"It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and bound in purple embossed cambric. No reader of Scott should be without it, and every one who does possess it will most certainly become his reader, if he never were before."—*Boston Post.*

"It throws light upon many passages, which have not been fully explained even in the notes to the last edition of those unrivalled fictions."—*Evening Gazette.*

MACKENZIE ON THE EYE.—A practical Treatise on the Eye, by William Mackenzie, lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow, and one of the Surgeons to the Glasgow Eye Infirmary. Reprinted from the London edition, under the superintendence of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

THE INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE AND THE LECTURES delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Boston, August 1832, including a prize essay [illegible], published under the direction of the board of Censors.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS, BY ONE WHO WENT TO IT—intended to be an aid to the improvements which are going on in respect to common schools, and also to present a pleasant picture of some peculiarities which have prevailed in our Country Schools. aug10

THE POLITICAL CLASS BOOK—Intended to instruct the higher classes in Schools in the origin, nature and use of Political Power. By William Sullivan, LL. D.

The object of the Political Class Book is to point out to the young, whether in the course of education, their relation to each other, to society, and to their country, and to show in a plain and simple way, the experience and [illegible] of the political condition in which they exist. The author's purpose is to give some instruction in the social system of which they are to become members, and on which their happiness [illegible].

"The library of no citizen is complete where this [illegible] is wanting, [illegible] not to [illegible] a town meeting until he has at least read the Political Class Book."—*Mass. Spy.*

It has been proposed in the Legislature of Massachusetts to order by law, its introduction into all the public schools of the state.

Published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. School Book publishers, Boston. aug10

THE MORAL CLASS BOOK, OR THE LAW OF MORALS; derived from the Created Universe and from Revealed Religion. Intended for Schools as well as private reading. By Wm. Sullivan, LL. D. Second Edition.

In proof of the value of this work, and its adaptation to the purposes of general instruction, the Edinburgh Journal has commenced the republication of it complete, in a series of articles under the title of Popular Morals. "We have found this small volume," says the editor on perusal, "to contain a far more lucid and impressive view of the moral duties of man, than any that exists in this country; and we therefore feel that, in transferring it entire to our pages, we are doing a service to our native literature."

Published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. School Book Publishers, Boston. a10

CHALLENGE.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I HENRY ROWELL, 40 Canal street, do hereby challenge *all men*, but particularly [illegible], to manufacture an article [illegible] always ready at 40 Canal street—where the public can be at all times served with a genuine article, warranted to preserve the leather and not lose its virtues in any climate or any space of time. To prove that this advertisement is not merely empty brag, I will place the amount of the wager, which may be made between us, in the hands of two parties, and he who shall manufacture the best Blacking, (from one to one thousand boxes) shall be entitled to it, and above all to what I most prize, the approbation of the public.

aug20 HENRY ROWELL, 40 Canal st.

CASTLE GARDEN.—H. MARSH has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that the Garden is now open for the season, and by recent repairs, additions and alterations, it is now one of the most enviable places of the kind in this world; and he flatters himself that no effort within his reach shall be wanting to conduct his Establishment in such a manner as to meet with public approbation. His well known and justly celebrated Band of Martial Music, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as leader, will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. &c.

Fire Works every pleasant evening at 9 o'clock.

Admittance one shilling, for which refreshment will be furnished. j22

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1833—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of moment in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum in advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention. Office No. 9 Mercer street. [illegible]

TO FAMILIES AND GROCERS.
PATENT MOULD CANDLES.

THE candles are peculiarly adapted for summer use, and will remain hard in the warmest climate. They are particularly recommended to Families, not only for economy, but cleanliness, as they will burn longer than the Sperm, and do not produce a cup around the wick to retain any of the melted tallow,—which in the sperm and the ordinary tallow candle is so liable to spill when moved. Manufactured and for sale only by W. HULL & SON, No. 189 Front st.
may 31. tf

ORRIS TOOTH WASH.—This is by far the most pleasant and effectual remedy ever yet discovered for diseased teeth, spongy gums, and unpleasant odour of the breath.

The valuable recommendations obtained from Dentists; the most eminent in their profession, is sufficient evidence of its inestimable worth. Being composed of substances innocent in their operation, it is impossible that any injurious effects can follow its use. It is designed to be used with a brush, and will be found preferable to a powder. It produces a beautiful whiteness on the teeth, and by its astringent qualities prevents the gums becoming spongy, and the teeth loose. It has been found very serviceable to use the wash at night, just before going to rest. This method is recommended by physicians and dentists, as all particles of food which might accumulate during the day are removed, and the mouth kept through the night, in a clean, sound, and healthy state.

That the public may know the estimation in which the Orris Tooth Wash is held by those who are the best judges, certificates have been obtained from the following medical gentlemen, and accompany each bottle:—Dr. John Rundale, Dr. Walter Channing, Dr. F. W. Parsons, Dr. A. J. Davenport, Boston; Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, Salem; Dr. Edwin Parsons, Dr. W. K. Brown, Portland; Dr. F. J. Higginson, Cambridge; Dr. Dudley Smith, Lowell; and the following note has been received from Mr. Parmly, surgeon dentist of this city.

"I have used the 'Orris Tooth Wash,' and having been made acquainted with the various articles of which it is composed, feel great pleasure in recommending it as an agreeable, wholesome and efficient wash for the mouth. (Signed)

ELEAZAR PARMLY,
No. 11 Park Place, New York, January, 1833."

This article is sold wholesale by Daniel Goddard & Co. Agents for the proprietors, 147 Maiden lane; at retail by David Perkins, corner of Maiden lane and Nassau streets; by Geo. D. Coggeshall, corner of Pearl and Rose streets; by [illegible], No. 2 Park Row; by John B. Dodd, 192 and 613 Broadway; by A. B. Graham, corner of Cedar and William sts; by Whiting & Merrill, corner of Madison and Catharine streets; by Marshall C. Slocum, corner of Broadway and Duane streets. a20 ly

DR. MEAD'S PILLS FOR DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION.—The numerous imitations of this medicine, which have appeared under the name of Pills, Powders, and Tinctures, pretending to the virtues and effects of the above valuable remedy, is one of the numerous proofs of its efficacy and success.

Those who are afflicted with that distressing complaint called Dyspepsia, Indigestion, or Sour Stomach, will please to observe that Dr. Mead's Pills is the original remedy, invented and published in this country by Doctor Granville Sharp, an eminent physician of Scotland, who gave [illegible] to their [illegible] in this country and Great Britain.

None are genuine without the signature of George Smith, on the directions which accompany each box.

Sold in this city by HULL & BOWNE, 128 Maiden lane, wholesale and retail agents for the proprietor; by Chas. H. Ring, [illegible] Broadway; H. T. Kiersted, Broadway corner of Spring street; J. B. Nones, 631 1-2 Broadway; J. & J. Coddington, 191 Greenwich st.; J. R. Hoffman, 22 Bowery; at Church's Dispensary, Bowery, corner of Spring street. In BOSTON, by [illegible]. In PHILADELPHIA, by J. W. Dyott, and J. Thompson. In BALTIMORE, by C. & D. & S. Keener, and Henry Price, and by most of the Druggists throughout the United States. aug3 6m

AMERICAN PERFUMERY.
TO MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES.—The subscribers offer a splendid and general assortment of perfumery, not to be equalled in the country, and on a scale of quality and neatness, with any imported, which they offer on terms liberal, and solicit purchasers to an inspection of their assortment. SNYDER & CO.
Importers of and Dealers in English and French Perfumery, 39 Cedar corner of William-st. a30

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz.—strictures, gleets, gonorrhæa, syphilis, seminal weakness, and the various complications of those diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have enabled him to introduce several important facilities in the treatment and cure of these diseases. He had discarded from his practice those nauseous mixtures that are often prescribed for the cure of gonorrhea, etc.

Strangers are apprised that Dr. G. has received a regular professional education, and continues his practice to the treatment of this class of diseases.

His office is at No. 2 Ann-street, near Broadway second and third door from the American Museum, where he may be consulted until 10 in the evening daily. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.

Private entrance to the office third door from the Museum.

N. B. Persons at a distance by describing their case and enclosing a fee will have the remedy suited to their case, forwarded to order. Letters must be post paid. m29

PAUL A. SABBATON, Proprietor of the Phœnix Foundry, corner of Rivington and Cannon streets, East River, continues making Steam Engines of all sizes, and invites persons wanting Engines to examine those of his make, of which there are from thirty to forty in operation, from four to forty horse power, in different parts of the United States including thirteen in this city.

Having an extensive assortment of wheel and other patterns, he is from experience enabled to estimate for machinery, and make contracts for the erection of Engines and Mill work of any description.

Besides those ordered, has on hand in a state of forwardness, a 4, 6, 12, and 20 horse power, Engines, that can be finished at two or three week's notice. Iron Castings and Wrought iron work made to order.

For sale—two setts of brass Holloware Patterns;—consisting of 10 sizes of Pots, and 40 Iron Flasks and Brass Checks and Slides: the patterns have been turned after the true Scotch shape, and the flasks of the most approved construction.

A new bar Comb Press. A 40 horse power Engin but little damaged by being used.

BATH HOUSE—LONG ISLAND.

THIS well known establishment, nine miles from the Brooklyn Ferry, is now open for the reception of visitors and boarders. The house is situated on an eminence immediately contiguous to a beautiful sloping beach, and commands a view of the Bay and Atlantic not elsewhere to be met with. For facility and comfort in bathing it is without rival. Three stages are constantly plying between Brooklyn and Bath.

WM. BROWN,
july27 1m Bath House, L. I.

RUG AND MAT MANUFACTORY, 49 Prune street, Philadelphia.—GEORGE J. JONES & CO. in soliciting the patronage of their friends and the public to their newly manufactured article of Rugs and Mats, suitable for hotels, churches, drawing rooms, halls, carriages, gigs, and doors, (made to any size or pattern) beg to acquaint them that they can with confidence recommend these articles for durability and ornament to supersede any of a similar kind ever offered for inspection or approbation.

G. J. J. & Co., in addition offer for sale an extra superior article of Cordage, Plough Lines, Bed Cords, and Clothes Lines in any quantity. Coils and Ship Rope made to order.

N. B. A liberal advantage offered to the trade and country merchants. Hemp for sale in large or small quantities to suit purchasers. Orders per post will meet with due attention. July 27

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 112, Maiden lane, near Broadway N. York. Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemp lines; hickory, ash, hazel and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing; single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks, of every description; Swivels, brass and steel; Swivel Leads; Bait Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, & Floats, of all sizes. Also, single and double-barrelled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple-wrenches and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights. Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. j8

VAUXHALL GARDEN is open for the season.—This delightful place, truly the only legitimate Garden in the city, is now ready to receive company. The proprietor has considerably added to the beauty and embellishments; the shades of the foliage is not equalled in the Union; a military band performs every evening; and on Sunday evenings will be performed, under the direction of Mr. PEARSON, selections of Music, from the works of Handel, Hayden, Mozart, &c.

Season Tickets may be had at the Garden. Single tickets, for a Gentleman 2 dollars—for a Gentleman and four Ladies, or Children with their parents or servant, 5 dollars. m25

BOOKS & STATIONARY.—A general assortment of School Books, in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English. Also, Blank Books and Stationary, Juvenile and Toy Books, with the miscellaneous publications of the day, as they issue from the press, constantly for sale by,

J. & R. BARTLETT & RAYNOR, 76 Bowery

CANCER.—I, the subscriber, do hereby certify that my revered mother, Mrs Hannah Welch, aged 87, and residing in the town of Jackson, in the county of Washington, was grievously afflicted with a cancer. In January last, she employed an eminent physician, and he pronounced it to be a rose cancer. He applied two plasters a day for several months, which were attended with excruciating pain, and produced no good effect. In the month of May last, I called to see my mother, and found her in a dangerous situation, and knowing that Dr. P. Davison, of Albany, who resides at No. 670 S. Market st. was skilled in cancerous complaints, I advised her to come to Albany and place herself under Dr. Davison's care; and she came to my house. He applied one of his plasters for about 8 or 10 days which removed the rose cancer, and in three weeks the cure was completed. My mother stated that she suffered more pain with one plaster of her first doctor than she did through all the attendance of Dr. Davison, who effected the cure in so short a time. I further state, that Jirah Baker, Esq. of Hoosick, was cured of a rose cancer at my house in 1821, and still remains well. This I publish at my own expense, in this paper, for the benefit of mankind; and hoping that editors will, from the same motive, notice it in their papers. Albany, September 1, 1830.

m11 GEORGE W. WELCH.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS, &c. &c.

HULL & BOWNE, No. 128 Maiden lane, between Pearl and Water-streets, New York, have on hand a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye Woods, Chemicals, &c. which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms, and in quantities to suit purchasers.

White and Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Spanish Brown, Verdigris, Epsom Salts, in barrels and kegs; Glauber do do do; Alum, in barrels or kegs; Arrow Root, best Bermuda do do do 2d quality, Balsam Tolu in jars, Balsam Capivi in demijohns and bottles, Oil Almonds in canisters and bottles, Chrome Yellow Prussian Blue, Oil Vitriol in carboys and bottles, Aqua fortis in do do, Muriatic Acid in do do do, ground and chipped Dye Woods in barrels, Madder in casks and barrels, Alcohol in barrels, Copal, Japan, and Mastic Varnish, Camphor, Castile Soap, Ink Powder, Kidder's best, do do 2d quality, Seidlitz Powders, Soda Powders, Lee's Pills, Windham and New London Court Plaster, Opodeldoc, Mead's Pills for dyspepsia, Indian Specifics for coughs, Foreign and American Patent Medicines, Medicine Chests for families, and every article in their line. may 3

TROY SHOE MANUFACTORY.

S. PEADLESTON, 244 River street, Troy, N. Y. Manufactures and keeps constantly on hand, a large and very general assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, which he offers for sale, wholesale or retail, as low as can be purchased in the city, state or union. He manufactures Ladies' Strap Morocco Shoes, an article which has been universally admired and pronounced superior to any thing of the kind ever manufactured in the country. Dealers in Shoes may rely upon having their orders answered faithfully and on the most reasonable terms. je 20

DYOTTVILLE GLASS FACTORIES.—Formerly known as the Philadelphia and Kensington Glass Factories.—This establishment is conducted on the most extensive scale, embracing four distinct Factories which from their location on the River Delaware, in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, afford every facility for executing orders with promptness, without being subjected to the previous risk of breaking by land carriage.

With the foregoing advantages, in addition to the recent improvements he has effected in the art of manufacturing glass of the most durable strength and quality, has employment of the most competent workmen in the country, and his being also aided by the assistance of his brother, Mr. M. Dyott, under whose personal superintendence the entire establishment is conducted, the subscriber is enabled to produce workmanship of the first quality, either of white Flint, green or black Glass. He can furnish in any quantities, Apothecaries' Patent Medicine and Perfumery Vials and Bottles of every description; Druggists' Shop Furniture, Confectioners' show Bottles, Castor Oil, Wine and Cordial Bottles, Druggists' Packing do; Carboys, Demijohns, Flasks, Mustards, Cayennes, Preserving Jars, Snuff Bottles, &c. &c. of every variety.

Bottles and Vials of every size and pattern made to order at the shortest notice. Particular attention will be given to private moulds as heretofore. Orders must be addressed to the proprietor.

T. W. DYOTT, Philadelphia.

N. B. Druggists, Country Merchants and Dealers are solicited to call at the corner of Second and Race streets, to examine the ware. Each package of Glass made at the above factories, is stamped with the words DYOTTVILLE GLASS FACTORIES, PHILADELPHIA.

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

JOHN MAGNIN Importer of Watches, Clocks Musical Boxes, Materials and Tools for watch makers, &c. &c. No. 22 Wall street, july27

G. L. SLOAN & CO. COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKERS, No. 58 First street. july 27

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs. Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square. Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 53 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN, Merchant Tailor and Draper, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Framer and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. R. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway dec8-

H. ROWELL & CO. 40 Canal-street, near Broadway, New-York, Manufacturer of Paste and Liquid Blacking, of a superior quality, warranted not to injure the Leather, which they offer upon the most liberal terms.

☞ H. R. & Co., pledge themselves to give the utmost satisfaction, and should the article not prove as good as is warranted, the purchaser is at liberty to return and receive the cash for the same.

Also,—Black and Red Ink of the first quality, and furnished by the wholesale. j8

P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clothier, No 153 Centre street m18.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.

N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 21 Broadway.

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Winchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by BARTLETT & RAYNOR,
j8tf 76 Bowery.

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately patented in the city, and sold at No. 2 Ann street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a mere inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is pressed upon by a double spring, which is so fixed as to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and adapting itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied. Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. j22

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.

N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

MAVERICK,
ENGRAVER & PRINTER, will pay the strictest attention to all orders received for Bank Notes, Book Plates, Cards, Seals, &c.
Franklin Office, 85 Liberty-s

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale ots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART,

CENTRAL HOUSE.—Late Patriot House—by WELDEN & WEBB, 156 Chatham street, up stairs. june 29

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.

Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.—CARTER, HENDEE & Co. School Book publishers, Boston, have just published GRUND'S PHILOSOPHY.—Elements of Natural Philosophy, with Practical Exercises for the use of schools By Francis J. Grund.

Extract from the Preface.

The general want of a suitable text-book on Natural Philosophy, adapted to young pupils, and at the same time, to the progress of instruction in this country, has for a long time past, been the subject of complaint with many of the most experienced teachers. In the following treatise, the author has endeavored not only to preserve his work from some of the gross errors, with which it is common to find elementary treatises on this science charged, but has enlarged it also with the most recent discoveries in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. As regards the general plan and arrangement of the work, it will suffice to say, that the INDUCTIVE METHOD has been pursued as far as it was practicable in a treatise of this nature.

Having thus brought this treatise on Natural Philosophy to its proper limits, the author intends to have it followed by an elementary treatise on Chemistry, which will be executed on the same plan, and form a necessary sequel to this work. june 29

LONDON HAIR CUTTING.
G. WADE of 4 1-2 Wall street, having devoted his time to the art of Hair Cutting, for the last ten years, flatters himself, that at the Gentlemen of New York will favor him with a trial of his abilities, it will merit a continuance of their favors.

Agent for Gaius's celebrated Dye Powder, by using which, red or Grey Hair is changed to a permanent black March 9

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR streets, New York.

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, Congress Hall, subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transcient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.

Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.

The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)
N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense*. june 1y

COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTELS,
THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by B. Jesup, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Fobes, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The location is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the conveniences of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a wagon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge. B. JESUP.
Albany, june 25.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.
LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 1 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO AND ALBANY Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted), at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Greenwich to Lowell.

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. R. S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

For further information, apply at the Office No. 11 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street.

CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM FECUNDO PER TICO. No. 208 Bowery.—L. S. LOWERRE is located at No. 208 Bowery and has for sale an unique assortment of a great variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all articles useful, comfort or ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter. Feb 16

Stages and Steamboats.

FARE REDUCED TO $2 50.
NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, AND BALTIMORE.

Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.

The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

FARE REDUCED TO $2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick, 12 1-2
" " Princeton, 1 00
" " Trenton 1 50
Breakfast on board 37 1-2

Passengers by this line will find superior accommodation, the bar and table being equal to the best Hotels.

This line is connected with the Baltimore People's Line, which leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock, A. M. from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.

For passage, apply on board the boat, Pier No. 2, or to THOMAS WHITFIELD, No. 1 Courtlandt st. and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington st. opposite pier No. 2.

All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.

WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

P. S. In consequence of a late advertisement of the Amboy Rail Road Company, relative to the protection which the Legislature of New Jersey have granted to the public against impositions that have been practised upon them by the combination of lines to raise the fare between New York and Philadelphia, the proprietors of the People's Line deem it an act of justice towards themselves, as well as for the satisfaction of the public, to state the following undeniable facts. In the spring of 1829 the Proprietors of the Union Line, and now the principal owners and Directors of the Rail Road Company, entered into a combination with the old *Citizen's Line*, whereby having *two-thirds* of the stock of both Companies, the fare was raised to Four Dollars in the Summer and Six Dollars in the Winter, which was effected by their own act, and not by the Proprietors of the People's Line, as unjustly stated by them. And if it is true, that by the *first* section of their Charter, more than Three Dollars cannot be charged, why did the Rail Road Company during the last winter exact Five Dollars as the regular fare between the two cities? aug3

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.
Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.

Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.

For Seats or Extra Coaches in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.

N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed* to give the *impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which has reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.

As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.
The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 262 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.
THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 5 o'clock, by way of Newark, *Chatham, Morristown, Suckasunna Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Owego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.

Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, an intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olean Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.
ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition to "the track." The fare being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.

N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not stipulate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor previous to his purchase, and furthermore, [illegible] consider himself [illegible] to redeem any Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never contemplated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him to an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, Jan [illegible] 1832 Jan 26

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Lowell, Mass. to Springfield. [illegible] Lowell, Tewksbury, [illegible] on Tuesdays and Saturdays [illegible] A M. passing through Tyngsboro, [illegible] Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Barre, Greenwich, [illegible] Belchertown, and arrive at Springfield same day, and at Hartford and New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING.
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell at 8 o'clock same day.

Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
N. B. MOSELEY, Agent.

Stages and Steamboats.

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester, Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M. lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Sudbury, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St. Boston.
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, Agent

PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.
LEAVE Chapin's Monogomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M. J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20 J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Goold & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Renselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall; and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock, P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON,
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.
COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire, Vermont, and Canada. All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont. JAMES NEWELL, Agent.
apr 21 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.
THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.*

At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE Canal for Freight and Passengers.
THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co. Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDES'S, No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.
THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, south rn and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.
Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.
Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11 Elm Street Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FILLES, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
To intersect the New Haven Steam boats
STAGES will leave Wildes's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and arrive New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steamboats at 7 o'clock for New York. Returning leave Hartford every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M., passing through Brookline, Newton, Natick, Sherborn, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $2 00.
dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

WINTER FASHIONS,
At H. T. STURLEY'S, 255 Broadway, 2 doors from Pratt's Museum.
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY [illegible] Silk Goods, [illegible] patterns. A large assortment of French Cravats, Gentlemen's [illegible] Gloves, of every [illegible] Lamb's wool and Worsted Hose. Gloves, of every description, and a splendid assortment fancy Shawls, Handkerchiefs, &c., and a general assortment of [illegible] French and English fancy goods. Gentlemen's Fancy Stocks, Collars, &c. wholesale and retail at the lowest prices. nov 16

TO CHAIR MAKERS.—Gold and [illegible] of bronze [illegible] at the lowest [illegible] No. [illegible] at No. 67 Watts st. New York, by GEORGE S. WAITE. j19

New Inventions.

ROGERS'S PATENT
Newly Invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.
JOHN F. ROGERS & CO. are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and is only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD.—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of counting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits; and, from his long experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of Pretenders, may be regarded as impositions, and, as such, ought to be guarded against by the community.

N. B. The Patentee now offers for Sale, Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the United States The Subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory,
188, *GRAND-STREET*,
An Assortment of the Article, were he will be happy to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy.
marl tf CHESTER JOHNSON.

JAMES CHINERY,
ENGRAVER, Die Sinker and Letter Cutter, No. 90 William Street, New-York.—*Bookbinders Tools, Newspaper Heads; Embossing Stamps; Office Seals; Letter Punches; Brand Marks; Embossing Plates;* and every description of Engraving elegantly cut. *Door Plates; Business and Address Cards, Copper Plate Printing, &c.*

JOHNSON & GREEN,
MANUFACTURERS OF HAIR SEATING AND CURLED HAIR, offer for sale at their Factory Ware Room, corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, viz: plain Hair Seating, 15 to 28 inches wide; figured Hair Seating, 26 to 28 inches wide, figured Chair Seats, by the dozen, suitable for Cabinet-makers; white and fancy Hair Cloth; black tabby fancy Hair Cloth, calculated for Stock and Cap-manufacturers; Chair and Sofa Webbing; 300 doz. Hair Stock Frames; 5000 lbs. Curled Hair in Rope. nov 10

BENJAMIN'S PRACTICE OF ARCHITECTURE.—Containing the five orders of architecture and an additional column and entablature, with all their Elements and Details explained and illustrated, for the use of Carpenters and practical men. With sixty plates.

By Asher Benjamin, Architect; author of "the American Builder's Companion," "The Rudiments of Architecture," and "The Practical House Carpenter."

"This is an entirely new work, separate and distinct from any former production of the same author: containing new examples and illustrations which cannot be found elsewhere.

It contains not only the Orders of Architecture, with all their details, but every subject of Common Practice with the Carpenter, or which is embraced in the Ornamental part of building, are fully explained for those who have not had an opportunity of studying the abstract principles of the science.

The work is an attempt, as far as illustration can go, to reduce Architecture to the level of Carpentry, and to show its intimate connection as possible between those important arts, and it is to be believed to be peculiarly adapted to the wants of Carpenters in the country."

Published and for sale by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. Boston, and for sale by the Booksellers in New York. j1

GOLDEN DIAPHORETIC TINCTURE, FOR RHEUMATISM.—This Medicine having been used in their practice by a number of Medical gentlemen of this city, of the highest standing, for this disease and all others (which depend on like causes) is now offered to the public in the full belief that it is superior to any article in the whole compass of medicine. It effects a cure without nausea or irritation, and has never failed to relieve or cure when the directions have been strictly attended to. It is not our intention to weary the public by speaking of the virtues of a medicine which need only be used to prove it; it is not the intention of the subscribers to deceive. The following extract is from the work of a medical gentleman whose reputation stands as fair as any in America:—

"Of all the Diaphoretic Medicines I have used, the most powerful is a preparation prepared at the N. E. corner of Sixth and Race streets, Philadelphia, by E. Evans. The preparation is but little known, although from what I have frequently witnessed of its effects, I am fully satisfied that it is a "peculiarly valuable remedy." JOHN EBEGDE, M. D.

Professor of Materia Medica and Botany, in the Ohio Medical College."

The following highly respectable Surgeon of this city has used and is willing to testify that it is a superior medicine. GEORGE McCLELLAN, M. D.

Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Another well known medical gentleman who has used it with entire success, kindly consents to give his name for reference.
GEORGE W. RITEZ, M. D.

The following gentleman informs me that he has succeeded in every Rheumatic case.
M. M. LEVIS, M. D.

I have used the Diaphoretic Tincture, sold by J. W. Burns & Co. and am prepared to say that I have always succeeded in curing Rheumatism and fevers generally with it. THOMAS E. WARE, M. D.
In Sixth street above Race, Philadelphia.

CERTIFICATES.
I have been long afflicted with Rheumatism, and had almost despaired ever recovering: I could not move; in a word, I was as helpless as an infant. Dr. Eberle was called in and prescribed the Diaphoretic Tincture, I took it regularly, and from that moment began to recover. I am now well, and have had no return of this most acute disease. This certificate I give with pleasure, for I hope sincerely that it may be generally known that there is a cure for Rheumatism. JACOB KEYSER.

Residence No. 8 Mark street, Philadelphia.

Until I used the Golden Diaphoretic Tincture, I was used the Rheumatism incurable. I have recovered and again enjoy good health.
WM. HOFER. Harrisburg, Pa.

Other respectable certificates could be furnished but we deem it folly, as every one can be satisfied by referring to the above respectable persons, or at the Medicinal Store, N. E. corner of Sixth and Race sts.

☞ The Golden Diaphoretic Tincture, sold only by J. W. BURNS & CO. N. E. corner of Sixth & Race sts Phila. and C. A. McCLEAN, 275 Greenwich st. corner of Robinson, New York. 1623

WILLIAM HANCOCK,
UPHOLSTER, Importer and Manufacturer of the various kinds of Upholstery goods, Nos. 37 to 43 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. At this establishment are offered the largest in the U. States, may be found at all times a very extensive assortment of Curtains, fringes, and especially a great variety of Boston Rocking Chairs, an article in demand in the Southern and Western States—and for convenience, together with every article for interior decoration. W. H. has made such arrangements as will enable him [illegible] to furnish at the shortest notice [illegible] at all parts of the country [illegible] to his care [illegible] and promptly executed. march [illegible]

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.—CARTER, HENDEE & Co. School Book publishers, Boston, have just published [illegible] Grund, author of the Elements of Natural Philosophy.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, with Practical Exercises, [illegible] the use of Schools [illegible] the same plan as the Elements of Natural Philosophy, and designed to be a companion to it.

FIRST LESSONS IN ASTRONOMY, in which the principles of this science are taught by conversation without the aid of [illegible] arithmetic, for the use of primary schools.

EXERCISES IN ALGEBRA FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS [illegible] a key for the teacher, to be used with [illegible]

EXERCISES IN ARITHMETIC FOR THE USE OF [illegible] a key for the teacher, to be used [illegible] with Arithmetic [illegible] in common schools. june 29

Articles of Manufacture

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Boot [illegible] will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

TO PAINTERS AND GILDERS.—[illegible] silver leaf, warranted of superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts st. New York.

N. B. Gold, silver and copper bronzes of different colors and qualities, at [illegible] prices, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charge. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. [illegible] Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watts st. New York. j19

E. W. WALGROVE,
Merchant Tailor, No. 6, Wall street,
INFORMS the travelling and his fellow-citizens generally that he has constantly on hand a choice selection of fine, fashionable colored Cloths, Kerseymeres and Vestings, which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable and best style of workmanship, or to suit the taste of those who may extend to him their patronage.

Gentlemen travelling in the city can rely on having their orders despatched agreeably to their wishes.
nov 1 tf

A CARD.
JAMES McCARTHY MURPHY, Merchant Tailor, 233 Broadway, most respectfully returns thanks to the gentlemen of New York, and to the public in general for the very liberal patronage which they have bestowed upon him since his arrival amongst them, and begs to announce that he has removed from his late residence, 66 Chamber street to 233 Broadway, next door to the American Hotel, where he has fitted up at great expense, an establishment upon a most splendid scale, and is determined that nothing shall be wanting on his part to merit a continuance of past favors. His stock of cloths is selected with the greatest care from the best manufactories in the West of England. A choice variety of Cassimeres, Tuilonnets, Valentias, and fancy silks of the newest patterns always on hand. The subscriber pledges himself that for fashionable style of fitting and good workmanship he is not to be surpassed either in Europe or America.
JAS. McCARTHY MURPHY,
March 9 Merchant Tailor.

OLD GALEN'S HEAD DISPENSARY, No. 11 Peck Slip, corner of Water street.—DR. EVANS continues his improved practice as usual, at his well established Dispensary, No. 11 Peck slip. The public are respectfully apprised, that Dr. Evans being regularly educated in the city of London has been a member of said faculty 35 years—has had 12 years hospital practice and is well known as a practitioner in this city for the last 16 years. The great success attending Dr. E's practice in all delicate diseases viz. Syphilis, gonorrhœa, gleets, strictures, &c. induce ignorant pretenders to copy after him. Many valuable members of society are daily falling sacrifices to the artful baits held out by those unprincipled experimentalists. Strangers are particularly cautioned not to be deceived by ingenious puffing advertisements of any description, but call and judge for themselves.

Also, to be had at the above Dispensary, Minerva's Box, containing a complete plan of medicine for the cure of a certain disease, with a small book of directions, in which the symptoms and treatment of the diseases are pointed out with such brevity and accuracy that every person may in this case become his own physician.

Also preventive for the above, if used in due time. N. B. The offices and entrances are well arranged, and secrecy may be depended on. march 23

HARP.
MR. J. JOST pupil of N. C. BOCHSA, tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his patrons for their support last season, and begs to inform them and the public, that he has now re-commenced giving Lessons on this popular instrument. As a guarantee of his competency as a Teacher, he takes the liberty to direct the attention of families to the names of the following distinguished individuals, to whom he has the honor and permission to refer.—John M'Tavish, Esq of Baltimore, John Duffield, Esq. of N. York; Henry Carey, Esq. of do.; James Buchanan, Esq of do.; D. Lynch, Esq. of do.; N. Prime, Esq. of do.; G. Barclay, Esq. of do. Mr. J. also gives Instructions on the Guitar and Piano Forte. Soirees and select parties attended with the Harp, Piano, &c. &c. by the Messrs. TRUSTS. Terms, &c. apply at Broadway, 3 doors above Canal.

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AT BELLEVILLE, New Jersey.—The system of instruction pursued in this Seminary, embraces a thorough course of English and Classical reading, with the ornamental branches of the sciences, requisite to the attainment of a liberal and finished education.

While the most rigid attention will be devoted to the inculcation of correct habits, both mental and personal, it will also be the earnest aim of the Principals, both by precept and example, to promote in their pupils the knowledge and practice of their duties, moral, social, and religious.

It is believed that few places are better adapted for a respectable boarding school, than the village of Belleville. Situated on the banks of the Passaic, about 9 miles from the city of New York, containing a number of families of the first respectability, and possessing three places of worship; of the Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, and Methodist denominations, it combines the several advantages of public worship, social intercourse of a high character, and a situation uncommonly picturesque and salubrious.
JOHN P. LATHROP, }
MARIA M. LATHROP, } Principals.

REFERENCES.
In New York.—Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D.; Rev. Jonas M. Wainwright, D. D.; Rev. Henry Anthon, D. D.; Nathaniel F. Moore, L. L. D. Professor of Languages in Columbia College; Philip Hone, Esq.; Stephen Cambreleng, Esq.

In Belleville—Rev. Gustavus Abeel; Anthony Rutgers, Esq.; James L. Morris, Esq.; S. L. Ward, M. D.; Lt. George C. Whistler, U. S. Engineers.

TERMS
Board and Tuition in the English branches, $45, per quarter: Latin and Greek Languages, each $5, do: Drawing, Painting, and the different kinds of fancy Needle-work, each $5, do.; Use of Piano forte, $5, do.; French Language, Music, and Dancing, at the prices charged by the teachers of those branches, respectively. Each scholar will provide her own bed and bedding.

DAY SCHOLARS.—English branches, full course, $10; Languages, and ornamental branches, same as above; Fuel for the season, $2. 12 weeks constitute a quarter, and no deduction will be made, except for protracted sickness.

There will be a vacation of 4 weeks in the month of August, and should any pupil remain at the institute during that time, an additional charge of $2 50 per week, will be made.

No pupil will be permitted to leave, without at least 6 weeks notice. Payment, in all cases, must be made in advance. Feb 16

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANNISEED, FOR COUGHS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, ASTHMAS, &c.
UNDER the immediate patronage of several of the most distinguished Nobility and Gentry in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland, in bottles at 30 and 60 cents each.

This invaluable Medicine has the extraordinary property of immediately removing coughs, colds, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, and huskiness [illegible] It operates by dissolving the congealed Phlegm, consequently causing a free expectoration. Those who are troubled with that unwelcome [illegible] [illegible] which it provokes, will, by taking one dose, find immediate relief, and one bottle in most cases will effect a cure. Numerous cases have come to the Proprietor's knowledge, where young people have been troubled with Coughs, spitting of Blood, and gradual wasting away, with every appearance of going into a decline, who, by taking two or three bottles, have been entirely cured. In Asthmas, chronic coughs, difficulty of breathing, &c. no pen can describe the wonders that have been performed by this invaluable medicine. Many who for years have been unable to lie down in their beds without a fear of being choked by accumulation of phlegm, which invariably takes place in that position [illegible] with difficulty [illegible] a permanent [illegible] one dose [illegible] this medicine [illegible] down [illegible] in their beds. But the testimonials of those who have experienced its wonderful effects will be sure to recommend and insure it the support of the public, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor, and by particular request he has published the following:—

Extract of a letter forwarded by James Fair, Esq. of [illegible] Roxburghshire, to Mr. Renwick, of Jedburg [illegible] to Mr. Powell.

"[illegible] Lochrallen, 18th of January, 1830.
"You know that I was sceptical with regard to the [illegible] of the administration of Patent Medicines [illegible] complaints of "affected lungs" [illegible] my opinion, at least in so [illegible] the [illegible] on me by two doses of Powell's Balsam of Anniseed." [illegible] I was [illegible] for some time afflicted with [illegible] a "stomach cough." I [illegible] to the bottle sent me, mixed with a wine [illegible] and water [illegible] and the [illegible] on [illegible] the whole of the previous night, I [illegible] [illegible] the "Stomach Cough" [illegible] from Heaven and was [illegible] [illegible] and have been more than [illegible] of [illegible]

"You are at liberty to make what use you may think proper of this letter, [illegible]

THOMAS POWELL, Black Friars road, London. And sold only in New York by [illegible] Arcade.

A large supply has just been received from London and which can be forwarded to every part of the United States, on a remittance being forwarded per post. jan 12

Miscellaneous.

COUGHS AND COLDS.—It is now about one year since the NEW ENGLAND COUGH SYRUP was first offered to the public, which time several thousand bottles have been disposed of throughout the United States and the British Provinces, and in all cases where the directions have been strictly followed by those who used it, the most satisfactory effects have been produced, and it has uniformly proved itself to be a specific for Influenza, Coughs, Cold, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and all affections of the Breast.

The proprietors are at liberty to refer to many individuals in this city and vicinity, who have been cured of obstinate coughs by its use, and the following letters received by them are a few, for the perusal of those who may be troubled with similar complaints.

Gentlemen—After having tried by the recommendation of my friends, almost every medicine for a cough, without the least relief, I had recourse to your New England Cough Syrup, and am enabled to say, with much thankfulness, that it has cured me of one of the most obstinate coughs I ever knew, and shall feel it to be a duty to recommend it to every one whom I find in need of so valuable a medicine.
(Signed.)—Yours respectfully,
JOHN P. STEVENS.

The very great benefit that I have derived from the use of your Syrup has astonished me beyond measure. From the length of time that I had suffered from a most inveterate cough, I supposed I should never be rid of it while I lived. But by taking the bottle of Syrup which I procured from you, I have been perfectly cured, and now enjoy good health. Signed
STILLMAN ROBINSON.

Several Physicians have used the N. E. Cough Syrup in their practice. An order was received sometime since from a distinguished medical gentleman at the south. In a subsequent letter he remarks, "Your Cough Syrup is invaluable. It cured me entirely of an inveterate cough upon taking the 5th dose. Of the dozen which I received from you, I gave away all but two bottles; one of the two I used in my own case, a part of the other I have by me. In almost every case of those given away, the patients called and spoke of the astonishing effect of the remedy." The following note from a young gentleman of this city, was received a few days since.

It gives me great pleasure to be to able add my testimony in favor of your New England Cough Syrup, two bottles of which having entirely cured my cough which was so severe that my physician advised me to spend the coming winter in a southern climate, but the fortunate use of your Syrup will preclude the necessity. Boston, Sept 1832.

Particular directions for use accompany each bottle.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Prepared only by MOFFAT, PLUMMER & CO. Druggists, 188 State street, opposite Broad street, Boston. Sold wholesale by them and by DANIEL GODDARD & CO. 147 Maiden lane, New York, retailed by the Apothecaries generally throughout the United States and British Provinces.

Also, in this city by Place & Souillard, No. 2 Park Row; by Geo. D. Coggeshall, corner of Pearl and Rose streets; by Jno. B. Dodd, 193 and 643 Broadway; by David Perkins, corner of Maiden lane and Nassau street; by Rushton & Aspinwall, 81 William street and 110 Broadway; by N. B. Graham, corner of Cedar and William streets; by Marshall C. Slocum, corner of Broadway and Duane street; by Whiting & Merrill, corner of Catharine and Madison streets. s20 1y

R. DE GOURGUE'S PATENT SPECIFIC.
This medicine has been used with great success as thousands can testify. In all rheumatic affections whether acute or chronic, its decided superiority by affording almost immediate relief has been successfully tested. For the following complaints it will be found very efficacious, viz.: Quinsey, sore throat, Hives in children, Pain in the back and Sciatica, Bruises and Sprains, Chapped hands, violent contusions, Fresh wounds, Burns and Scalds, Head and Tooth ache, Debility of the system. Prevents the eye from turning black if immediately applied; is excellent for washing the teeth and gums, &c. &c. The specific has been administered with surprising success, in cases of flatulency, pain in the stomach, bowels, dysentery, &c

The most inveterate Piles has been thoroughly cured by it. A Fistula, which in most cases proves fatal, yielded to the specific. The above medicine is held in such high estimation by many families that they are unwilling to be without it a moment.

Prepared and sold until further notice, ONLY at the south east corner of the Bowery and 8th street, 2d corner above Vauxhall Garden.

The extensive demand manifested for the genuine De Gourgue's Specific, has induced several to endeavor to deceive the public by persuading them to purchase a counterfeit medicine. No person except the proprietor in the city of New York is authorised to vend De Gourgue's Specific, and it can be obtained at no other place than the above, where it is prepared, and which may be known by the sign over the door. Each bottle is accompanied with printed directions, sealed with the initials D. G. on the cork, NONE OTHERS IS GENUINE. Retail price 50 cents per bottle; wholesale $4 50 per dozen.

Directions.—Shake the bottle and apply the Specific with friction to the afflicted parts. In fevers rub well the small of the back. For Hives in children apply it freely to the chest. For Convulsions by rubbing the back and stomach, its effects are almost instantaneous. For the Headache apply it to the back of the neck and soles of the feet. For chilblains or frosted feet, rub them twice a day, or oftener. From 20 drops to a tea-spoon full may be taken inwardly, mixed with water.

A selection of certificates from numerous respectable individuals is annexed, to give the public some idea of the value of the above medicine.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," and the most beneficial result has been the consequence. For the last twenty years I have been afflicted with the rheumatism, and suffered to that degree, that I never went without a cane or a strengthening plaster. By bathing with the Specific the pain is removed. I can walk without a cane, and have no occasion for a strengthening plaster; the great relief I have obtained, I attribute under providence to the Specific. It gives me great satisfaction, therefore, to recommend it to my fellow citizens.
(Signed) THOMAS CRUMDWELL, 369 Bowery
New York, 2d February, 1832.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," to my entire satisfaction, and I do not hesitate to give my unqualified approbation in favor of the same. By the use of less than one oz., in three weeks time, my hand, which was badly torn to pieces with the loss of one finger, by the accidental discharge of a gun, was completely healed. I have also known others to use it with like success.
Signed, EDWARD CONLEY, Blackwell's Island.
New York, July 3, 1830.

I have been in the habit of using "De Gourgue's Specific" for several years, and do not hesitate to give it the highest recommendation, having used it most plentifully and always found the greatest benefit from it.
(Signed) JOSEPH GANOUNG, 59 Carmine street.
New York, 12th Dec. 1831.

I certify, that having made use of "De Gourgue's Patent Specific" for myself and family, occasionally for more than two years,—I do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends for the cure of every complaint and more than are named in the directions accompanying each phial. WM. D. DISBROW,
New York, Aug. 2, 1830. Bowery, near Fifth st.

I have great satisfaction in recommending "De Gourgue's Patent Specific," considering it a very valuable medicine, having been in the habit of using it for the last three years. In a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which deprived me of the use of my limbs, so much so that I could not put my foot to the floor or raise my arms,—I was induced to try the Specific, and was so quickly relieved that the next day I was enabled to walk freely, and speedily recovered, from the use of one bottle. I have also used it with the greatest efficacy for burns, bruises, wounds, &c. in my family. ELIZA BROOKS.
Jan. 23, 1832. Corner 1st Avenue and 10th st.

I was badly afflicted with a violent and continual pain in my breast, for about two years. The last two or three years it was extremely bad. I had consulted [illegible] different physicians, and tried various remedies. Every thing however, failed to give me [illegible] until I fortunately used "De Gourgue's Specific," which I am happy to state, perfectly cured me in a short time. I keep the medicine constantly in my family, and use it for various purposes, and recommend it highly to all families.
ABRAHAM PARCELLS,
Keeper on Blackwell's Island.
New York, 11th August, 1832. dec 23 6m

THE NEW-YORK TRAVELLER,
AND
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,
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☞ Advertisements conspicuously inserted on moderate terms.

BURNETT & SMITH, Printers, 17 Ann street

The Trave[ller]

BY FISHER & INMAN.
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

Turf Matters.

RACES TO COME.
Sept. 24th, Poughkeepsie (Duchess Co. N.Y.)
" 25th, Broadrock, (Virginia.)
Oct. 1st, Union Course (New York,) first meeting.
" " Tree Hill, (Richmond, Va.)
" 8th, New Market, (Va.)
" 15th, Central Course, (Baltimore.)
" " Fairfield, (Va.)
" 22d, Timonium (New) Course, Baltimore.
" 28th, Union Course, [New York] second Meeting.

FALL RACES.

Errata.—Our *Devils* at the office were so gallant last week that they bestowed the name of *Harriet* on Major Jones's b. c. "S. HAMET," which we wrote at full in a fine text hand that would have done credit to *Ely* himself; and thus we are condemned to apologize to the Ladies in general for having taken one of their names in vain,—and to Major Jones's colt in particular, for having effeminated him by this error of the Press.

A correspondent in the Turf Register who signs himself "Observer" throws out an indirect reproach that we of New York do not give very correct information of the Sires and Dams even of our winning horses, and mentions the omission in the case of "*Monmouth*" who beat *Charles Kemble* in a match last spring.

We very much regret that there should be any room for this rebuke, and more particularly because an esteemed friend and turfman who has brought out as fine horses as any of our first rate sportsmen, expressed an apprehension that it was a marked neglect to a stable of a very high, and justly esteemed character. As far as we can, we make the amende to him by answering the Correspondent of the Turf Register, that "Monmouth" was got by *John Richards* out of an Expedition Mare, and he is now entered in the very handsome two mile stakes to be run for on the 2d Oct. over the Union Course.

AFRICAN ELEPHANT HUNT.

The following account of a Hunt, taken from Capt. Owen's Voyages on the shores of Africa, may be interesting both to our sporting and more general readers from its very graphic description of a sport somewhat more hazardous and exciting than hunting Bison in the West or Deer in the South. The Messrs. Harper have this interesting work in the Press, and will issue it very shortly.

As all our attempts to obtain an hippopotamus had hitherto failed, and as we were not likely to meet with another opportunity, this being our last visit to Delagoa Bay, a party of officers volunteered for the chace, and were conveyed up the Dundas river in the Albatross. The evening set in before they reached that part of the river where the hippopotami were the most abundant. Three parties were however formed, who at midnight commenced their pursuit. The scene was novel and imposing; a body of men armed at all points with muskets, harpoons, and lances, walked on the shallows of the river, with nothing but the moon to light them, all hallooing and driving before them their huge game, who, blowing, snorting, and bellowing, were floundering through the mud from the numerous holes which they had made at the bottom for their retreat, but from which the hunter's lances soon expelled them; until ultimately driven upon dry ground, where a running contest commenced, the beasts sometimes being pursued, and at others pursuing.

This lasted for some time; but still there were no signs of man's boasted preeminence! not an animal had the party secured dead or alive. * * At low water the following morning one party formed a line across one of the shallows, where the depth was not more than two feet, while the boats went up the river and actually drove the animals down the stream, another party having lined the banks to prevent their taking to the woods and reeds. These, whenever the monstrous but timid animals attempted to pass them, set up a shout, which in most instances proved sufficient to turn them back into the water; when, collecting a vast number on one shallow bank of sand, the whole of the hunters commenced from all sides a regular cannonade upon the astonished brutes. Unwieldy as they appeared, still much activity was displayed in their efforts to escape the murderous and unceasing fire to which they were exposed. The one-pound gun occasionally furrowed the thick hide of some, while others were perpetually assailed by a shower of pewter musket-balls. One, a cub, was nearly caught uninjured in attempting to follow its mother, who, galled to desperation, was endeavouring to escape through the land party: but as soon as the affectionate brute perceived her offspring falling into the hands of her enemies, forgetting her fears she rushed furiously at the offenders, when they in their turn were obliged to retreat: but again they contrived to separate them, and had almost secured the prize, when the angry mother, regardless of their close and almost fatal fire, succeeded in redeeming it from their grasp, and bearing it off although in a state of great exhaustion. With the flood this sport ended.

On their return to the schooner along the banks of the river, passing near a spot where an hippopotamus had been seen sporting in the water, a rustling was heard in the reeds, as if the animal had retreated thither on the discharge of their pieces.—Messrs. Arlett and Barrette, with two of the seamen, immediately followed with the view of driving him out. The former gentleman was a little in advance, and eager in the pursuit, when he was heard loudly to exclaim, 'Here he is!' The shrill, angry scream of some large animal instantly followed and in a few seconds Mr. Barrette rushed from the reeds with his face covered with blood and calling aloud for assistance, as Lieutenant Arlett was attacked and thrown down by an elephant. The party were immediately on the alert in search of the unfortunate officer, whom they expected to find a mangled corpse. As they approached, the elephant, alarmed at their number, retreated, leaving his victim on the ground in a state that may more easily be imagined than described. He was stretched motionless on his back covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes staring from their sockets, in all the expressive horror of a violent death.

Every attention was immediately paid to him, but it was long feared that the vital spark had fled. Some water was procured, when, after his face had been washed and a little introduced into his mouth, he showed symptoms of returning life; but it was some time before he recovered his senses and became sufficiently collected to give a connected account of the occurrence that had led to his pitiable state. It appeared that, from the thickness of the reeds, he was close to the animal before he was at all aware of his situation, but immediately on making his discovery, he uttered the exclamation heard by his companions of 'Here he is!' This had hardly escaped him, when he discovered that instead of an hippopotamus, he was almost stumbling over an enormous elephant. The animal which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air and, the moment he spoke, reared upon its hind legs and turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in his way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted to escape. For a short time he had hopes of eluding his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in circumference, menacing him by his voice and gesture, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and, shrieking with rage made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of his attack, when his ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man, who slipped among the reeds. The ferocious animal still followed him, foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river; the man crying loudly, 'An elephant! an elephant!' until closely pressed by his pursuer, they both came upon the top of the slope, where the party who had heard his cries were prepared, and instantly fired a volley as the elephant appeared. This made him return with increased fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him, and severely bruising his ancle.

As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose, and limping with pain, attempted once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; his trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him, chafing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and ploughing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant's legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, placing a foot upon his senseless body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms; but it is probable that his object was only to punish and alarm, not to kill—such conjecture being perfectly in accordance with the character of this noble but revengeful beast.

Mr. Arlett was with much care conveyed on board the schooner, when, on examination it was found that his body was severely bruised, yet no bones were broken, excepting the tibula of the left leg, which was supposed to be slightly fractured. It appeared that the elephant on his last return to Mr. Arlett had filled his trunk with mud; which, having turned him on his back, and forced open his mouth, he blew down his throat, injecting a large quantity into the stomach. It was this that procured the inflamed appearance of Mr. Arlett's countenance, for he was almost in a state of suffocation, and for three days after this adventure, he occasionally vomited quantities of blue sand.

When he encountered the elephant, he had a rifle in his hand, but was too close to fire, knowing as he did, that in case of failure his destruction would be certain, for, when wounded, the desperation of this animal is fatal to all. Upon conveying him to the boat, the rifle was forgotten, when a party of four was sent to recover it. They had just succeeded, and were about to return when the elephant rushed in amongst them. The first and second man fired without effect, but the ball of the third fortunately turned him.

LETTER WRITING.

It is delightful to drop in on a friend without the solemn prelude of invitation and acceptance. It is equally delightful to *let* the pen talk freely and unpremeditatedly, and to one by whom we are sure to be understood: but a formal letter, like a ceremonious morning visit, is tedious alike to the writer and receiver—for the most part spun out with unmeaning phrases, trite observations, complimentary flourishes, and protestations of respect and attachment, so far not deceitful, as they never deceive any body. For our own part we would rather weed a turnip field, or dig clams at the halves, than to write exactly such a letter every month, or every fortnight, at the precise point of time from the date of our correspondent's last letter, that he or she wrote after the reception of ours—as if one's thoughts bubbled up to the well-head, at regular periods, to be bottled up for immediate use. Thought! what has thought to do in such a correspondence? It murders thought, quenches fancy, wastes time, spoils paper, and wears out innocent goose quills. Surely in this age of invention something may be struck out to obviate the necessity (if such necessity exists) of so tasking and degrading the human intellect.—Why should not a sort of mute barrel-organ be constructed on the plan of those that play sets of tunes and country dances, to indite a catalogue of polite epistles calculated for all the ceremonious observances of good breeding? Oh! the unspeakable relief of having only to *grind* an answer to one's "dear five hundred friends!" We are inclined to think, however, that the female sex in general would not quite enter into our views. Those who pique themselves on excelling in "l'eloquence du billet," or those fair scribblerinas just emancipated from boarding school restraints, and beginning to taste the refined enjoyments of sentimental, confidential, soul breathing correspondence with some Angelina, Seraphina, or Laura Matilda; to indite beautiful little notes, with long tailed letters, upon vellum paper, with pink margins, sealed with sweet mottos and dainty devices. "Je ne change qu'en mourant"—"Forget me not"—or Cupid with a rose, "L'une seul me suffit"—the whole deliciously perfumed with musk and attar of roses.—Young ladies who collect "copies of verses" and charades, keep albums, copy patterns, make bread seals, work little dogs upon footstools, and paint flowers without shadow—Oh! no—the epistolary barrel organ will never do for them. *They* must enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," and they must write—ye Gods! how they *do* write.

But for another class of scribes—unhappy innocents! who at this very moment perhaps are screwed up perpendicular in the seat of torture, having in the right hand a fresh nibbed pen, and under the out spread palm of the left a fair sheet of letter-paper, (ready to receive thoughts as yet unhatched) on which their eyes are rivetted with a disconsolate perplexity, infinitely touching to a feeling mind—to such unhappy persons what an amount of mental drudgery would such an invention save! Have we not groaned under similar horrors, from the hour when we were first shut up to indite a dutiful epistle to an honored aunt? We remember as if it were yesterday, the moment when she who had enjoined the task entered to inspect the performance, which, by her calculation, should have been fully completed. We remember how sheepishly we held down our head, when she snatched from before us the paper, (on which we had made no further progress than "My dear aunt") angrily exclaiming, "what, child, have you been shut up here this three hours to call your aunt a *puss*?"—*Backwood.*

An old woman who lived near the frontier during the disturbance with Great Britain, and possessed a marvelous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion, she called to one of those defenders of our rights whom she had frequently saluted before: "what's the news?" "why good woman," says he, "the Indians have fixed a lever under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world!" "Oh massy! massy! what shall I do?" and away she ran to tell her neighbors of the danger and enquire of her minister how such a calamity might be averted. "Why," says he, "you need not be alarmed, we have our Maker's promise that he will not again destroy the world by water." "I know that," returned the old lady hastily, "but he's nothing to do with it: its them are plaguy Indians."